

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?



BY A BACHELOR.

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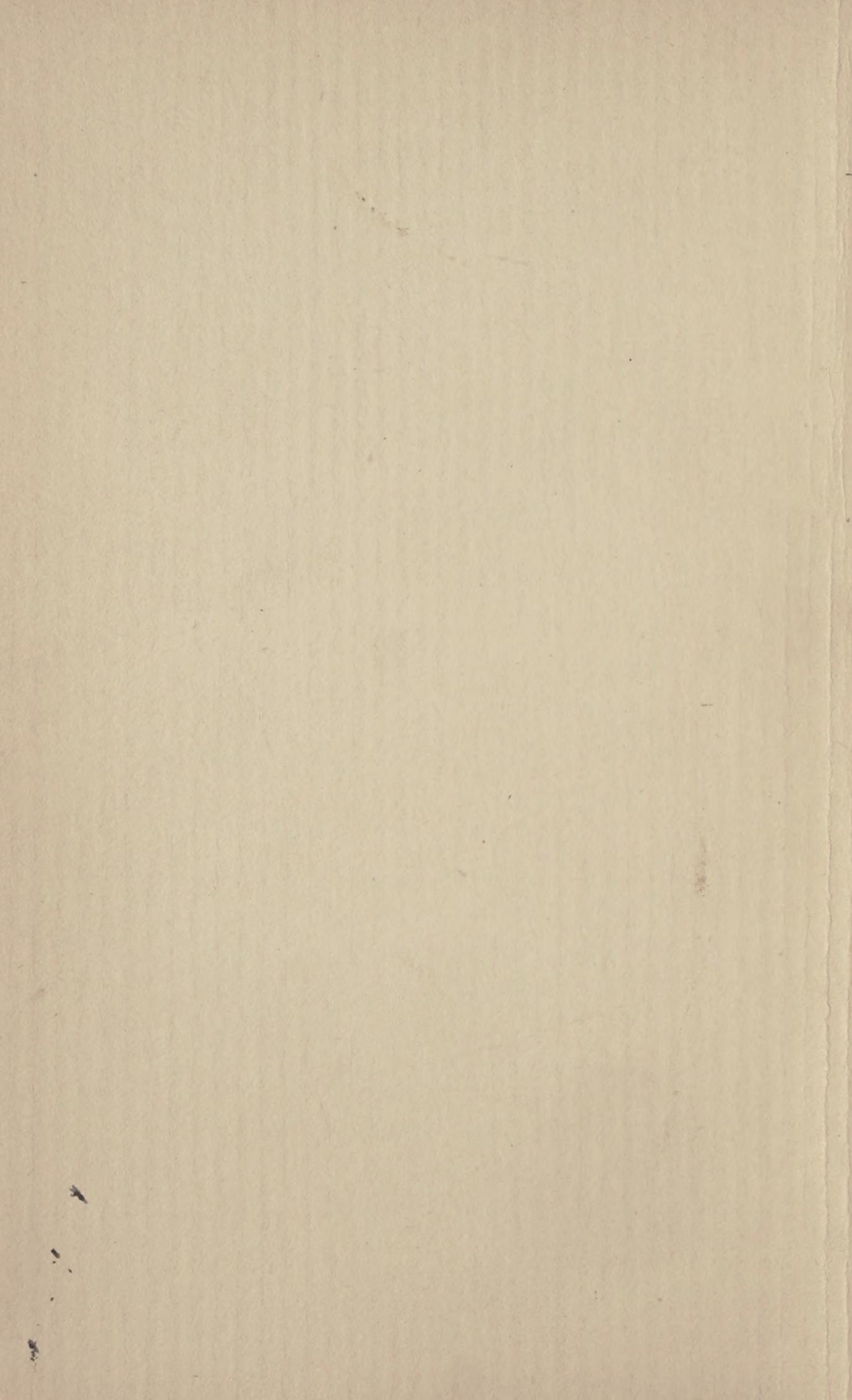
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





# SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

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"If wives will learn any thing let them ask their husbands"

1 Cor., XIV: 35

If old maids (or widows) let them ask the bachelors.

Paul Morse

BY A BACHELOR.



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P.M.

## PREFACE.

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Newport is the great matrimonial mart of America, where often mothers unblushingly sell their daughters to the broken-down sprigs and venerable *roues* of the *noblesse* of Europe.

But American fathers are not conspicuous on auction days in the matrimonial market at Newport, where American wealth and feminine patriotism are bartered for titles. Why? Because our fathers believe, and teach their sons to believe, in a Republic. They practice what they preach. Why are women so fickle in patriotism, while the men are steadfast? Who can answer?

Is it because the women are more ambitious, as some declare? Ambitious for what? To obtain what the Republic refuses to grant—a

## PREFACE.

title. This title-worshiping sentiment is dormant in many a poor girl; but, if she become rich, she too wants a titled hubby. Humiliating as it is, it is a fact, that to supply the American girls with titles has cost in cash more than one of our wars with England.

In a few more years monarchical Europe will soon be able to wage war against us with the money secured from patriotic (?) American women. Yet women want to vote! Oh, don't they love to sing of America—sweet land of liberty; but when it comes to matrimony, don't they love Europe—sweet land of titles!

Nevertheless, let the dear women marry whom they choose, but until they repent of this sin, I, who with blissful forbearance, pay taxes for the benefit of other peoples' children, consider it a personal privilege to "kick" against their voting.

A BACHELOR.

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DEDICATED  
TO  
THOSE WOMEN WHO WOULD RATHER BE  
MEN !  
BY THE AUTHOR.

# SHOULD WOMEN VOTE ?

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## CHAPTER I.

### A PRINCE ASHORE.

“SOCIETY GOSSIP—all about a live Prince just landed!” shouted a bare-footed newsboy as he scurried across the street at the beck of a fashionably-dressed lady, who was sitting in the shade of a Chinese Magnolia tree in front of one of the famous hotels of Newport, Rhode Island, 1893.

At the approach of the newsboy she arose, gracefully deposited a stylish pug-dog on the grass, and gave a quarter in exchange for the paper. The little urchin touched his hat, thanked her, and passed up the street, shouting louder than before that there was a live Prince in town and no fake about it.

The lady resumed her seat and scanned eagerly the head-lines of the paper, when her

eyes soon rested on the desired article. Her right hand hung carelessly by her side as she continued reading; but the petted pug, thinking that it was neglected, commenced to playfully bite her jeweled fingers. Once or twice she boxed its ears in a manner to indicate that she did not wish to be annoyed while reading about such an august personage, who was now a stranger within the gates of Newport.

The paper gave a very flattering account of the Prince; laid special stress on the facts that he was born about twenty-five years ago under clear Italian skies, was witty, well educated, and spoke several languages fluently; that the society critics had pronounced his pedigree the bluest; and that mothers with marriageable daughters should not fail to improve the golden opportunity, as he was single and a fine catch.

This very attractive lady, on finishing the brief account of the Prince, remained in a deep reverie for a few minutes, then arose, and, as she walked slowly to the hotel, muttered:

“We can’t all marry him; but if I—Sorosis Blackstone—don’t capture a Prince, then what

does it profit me to be a social leader and rich in bonds and intellect?"

Prince Colombo, Rome, Italy—such was his signature and address on the register of one of the fashionable hotels—was of noble Italian blood and a descendant of Christopher Columbus. In his far-off home he had, on various public occasions, expressed himself in terms similar to those of the young Emperor of Germany, that monarchs govern the people by a decree from God. Yet, after living a quarter of a century under these favorable decrees, he was so unfortunate as to find himself without employment and with a very small bank account.

The great question which then agitated the gray matter of his brain more than any thing else was how to bridge over the stringency in the money market until Providence created a vacancy in the noble family of Italy for his benefit.

He believed that, "a prophet hath no honor in his own country." Some Princes were destined to be equally unfortunate. Then why not go to a Republic where Princes are unknown as a native product?

Still it might be better, as he was an Italian

descendant of Columbus, to pass the charity-hat in America or apply to Congress for a pension ; but upon second thought he wisely concluded that it would not prove a success, for the hat had already gone around for his poor relatives in '77 and '93, and came back empty.

Again, if he crossed the Atlantic and sought the hand of a rich American woman, and if she really detests a title like her brothers, he would be out his passage-money. But if she preferred a monarchy to a Republic he had a good show to make a financial winning.

He despised the Republic of the United States for being so penurious as to fail to grant a pension to a distinguished, but indigent, Spanish relative of Columbus, who had lost every thing, save his noble honor, at a bull-fight. But down deep in his heart he believed that if a certain class of American women had been in power in Congress in 1877, he, along with many other Italian representatives of the Columbus family, would not now be suffering from financial depression.

The money question drove him almost to desperation—stern reality, not a theory, was now staring the young Prince in the face. Was he

equal to the emergency of the hour? He was. He bade adieu to his native land, where titles are plentiful and heiresses few, and sailed for the United States of America, determined to fight this poverty problem to a finish.

On arriving at New York he did not tarry, but secured a cabin passage at once on the Fall River line for Newport, where he landed without any display or a retinue of servants.

But what a *furore* was created when the New York papers, which came on the same steamer, gave the public a more extended account of the Prince! Nearly every woman's tongue was set wagging until late at night, and more than one society lady was restless in her sleep lest the dear Prince, in an unguarded moment, might select for a wife one who was unworthy of his noble blood.

However, by a little forethought the Prince tried to fortify himself against such a calamity by adopting the rules governing a country fair —note the good points of all competitors before announcing the prize-winner.

The passengers did not pay any great respect to the Prince. He became frightened and registered at the hotel with fear and trembling, think

ing that a great people who had forsaken the ways of king-rule years ago might look with disfavor on him. Here is where the Prince became unnecessarily disturbed. He reasoned that as king-rule and monarchical customs were abolished by the sword and that a republican form of government had been established, fostered and perpetuated by the men of America, it was, therefore, reasonably certain that the republican spirit was equally shed abroad in the hearts of the women of America. In fact, he was certain that the rearing and the educating of children under the republican form of government stamped that system indelibly upon the minds of the males and females, and that the people in America were to-day more loyal than those of '76.

This caused great apprehension, and he thought he was taking desperate chances. He should have been, on general principles, in a calmer frame of mind; for many a man who follows Cupid has to take desperate chances.

The Prince, as a logician, was a failure; but as a lady-killer he was the lion of the hour. He took Newport by surprise, and won.

The first evening his photographs were for

sale in the book stores, in the theatres, and hawked in the Hall of Woman's Rights, where the sales were enormous. It takes money to live in Newport, and even an impecunious Prince knows sometimes how to be thrifty.

Beginning with such success, what more could he ask? Yet he did ask a swell young man with a Whangee cane if a Prince would receive as cordial a reception in the Western cities as in that fashionable watering place. Graciously the young man applied to informed him that as Newport goes so goes the Union.

## CHAPTER II.

### HE GOES TO CHURCH.

The next day being Sunday, the last edition of the Saturday evening papers announced the church at which the Prince would attend divine service.

That was enough. The public conscience was quickened, and it was plain to all that there would be a great outpouring of the people, rain or shine.

There were more church-going men and women in Newport that Sunday morning than there have been before or since. It is strange—very strange—how strongly religious convictions took hold of some people whose hearts had been seared for years with a hot iron. They arose willingly that morning at an early hour to prepare themselves, it might be supposed, for a powerful discourse on the wickedness of this world and the only way to blot out sin.

All classes of men, women and children were deeply interested. Even the agnostic, who, heretofore, was so weighed down with "doubts" that the burden made him too tired to go to church, went this Sunday. Although he had serious doubts about a live Prince attending service he said that he would risk it, even if he got laughed at. He was seen fully half an hour before time resting on the church steps and sighing for the doors to open.

Long before the officiating minister commenced the service, even before the good man had his breakfast, a heterogeneous crowd lined up in front of the church, so as to be ready to enter in time and not to disturb divine service by being late.

How thoughtful!

When the doors were at last thrown open the crowd went in without the usual formalities, while the old, the lame and blind were kindly rescued by the ushers. There are many phases of religious fervor, which some ministers know how to arouse.

It has been said by able writers that the "Parliament of Religions," which assembled at the World's Fair in Chicago, 1893, was the

crowning glory of the nineteenth century, because it brought together on one platform and under one roof the religions of the world.

To have representatives of the bewildering maze of Oriental faiths and those of Judaism and Christianity sit down together without fighting should not be considered such a great feat; for they are all sanctified and represent the highest state of religious development in their respective countries.

But when, as on this Sabbath morning, the society man and the plebeian, the millionaire and the pauper, the lady in silks and the servant in calico, the philanthropist and the beggar, the deacon and the gambler, the infidel between two Christians, the Jew beside a Mormon, the Protestant sandwiched between two Catholics, the Chinaman and the hoodlum occupying one pew, all under one roof in peace and listening to divine service while watching a Prince—that was a notable feat, if not the crowning glory, of the nineteenth century.

Compared with this any one can see that the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair was only a kindergarten. Fashionable Newport always leads. Hardly half of the people could

find seats, so great was the multitude; and many remarked what an improvement it was over former Sundays, as Newport was not particularly noted for godliness.

The chiming of the church bells had died away. The altar was gorgeous and the music filled the church with sweet melodies. Suddenly a stillness pervaded the house of God. The multitude had ceased to breathe and all eyes were turned toward the entrance-door. The Prince was walking down the aisle. When the usher had seated him in a pew, the American congregation breathed again. The services were continued and a brilliant discourse delivered. The minister seemed to divine the needs of the people this morning, for the singing was good, the prayers and the sermon were short and to the point.

When the last prayer was being pronounced and the heads were bending low in supplication, the society ladies could be seen looking through their fingers at the dear Prince—oblivious of their surroundings. Presently, enchanting music filled the church, where spiritual advice had been sown broadcast, whether it fell on good or stony soil, and the congregation passed out.

The yearning to see the Prince proved to be only a morbid curiosity on the part of the majority of the people ; for when they had beheld his "Royal Nibs," as they called him, they were satisfied and cared no more about him than about a prize ox at an agricultural fair.

This, however, was not the case with the minority, which was composed principally of females of the ultra-fashionable set. The male contingency of the minority consisted of a sprinkling of responsible men, who were well versed in international courtesies, and the remainder showed all the characteristics of cigarette dudes.

Society, as constituted at this famous summer resort, claims to represent *par excellence*—all the wisdom, culture and refinement of the Republic.

But what has a century of republican teaching amounted to? The fair daughters of America almost fell over each other in their wild scramble to throw themselves—pocket-book and all—into the lap of this august Prince. Even a bankrupt Prince is to them what the golden calf was to the followers of Moses—a god.

The Republic refuses to make Princes for American women, but somehow they get them.

Whether the yearning after what is not allowed to be produced in a country is the result of a perverse nature or the natural consequence of mental weaknesses is an open question. It might be, probably is, a combination of both tendencies.

Whatever the true answer may be, it is a fact, that the society women of Newport were in ecstacy; and to give fuller expression in private to their emotions this *coterie* of female loveliness actually clapped their manicured hands, entwined their alabaster arms around each others necks and wept for joy; because they had at last surrounded, without going to the jungles of Africa, a real live Prince.

Each one believed that she had a good chance of forming an alliance which would join her semi-plebeian blood with the best brand that flows in the veins of Italian nobility.

They were unanimous in the opinion that not only must the Prince receive proper respect according to his rank, but that his affections must be assiduously cultivated. Now, experience teaches us that to cultivate a Prince's affections

successfully a big bank account is the most effective fertilizer up to date.

These ladies admitted this, in whispers, to themselves; but in public nothing shocked their sensitive nerves so much as to hear a man avow such sordid motives. It made no difference if the Prince were lop-sided and pigeon-toed—provided his title were straight—he must be amused, worshiped, and finally loved, so that the Old World could not say reproachfully that American women do not know a good thing when they see it. They insisted that manly worth was what they admired and that titles were foreign to their thoughts. What lawyers these women would make!

Late that Sunday night what a happy and contented expression was on the Prince's face as he was seated in his gorgeous room looking over fully a dozen invitations from society women to dine with them. Introduced one day and dining with the ladies the next! That's the way to get acquainted—that's polite society among the fashionable set.

Before the Prince retired for the night his heart overflowed with joy, and he exclaimed:

“Am I dreaming? No; this is a reality. If

I had only those charming ladies to influence I would have them present me with a kingly crown. It is a shame—an outrage—not to allow women free suffrage. The constitution thwarts my plans. I hate it. Oh, if American women were allowed to vote this Republic would be no more, for I would be their Idol and their King.

“But yesterday I came ashore with my monetary system run down; yet I have already—to use a hunter’s expression—struck twelve trails, which, if followed up, will lead on to fortune.”

## CHAPTER III.

### WOMEN IN CONTROL.

The season opened early and the society men had not yet, in any great numbers, put in an appearance. The women were in full control, and the Prince was initiated into the aristocratic circles of society in direct violation of the rules and formulæ laid down years ago by the leaders of the exclusive set.

“We women are the bosses now and men-customs don’t go,” exclaimed the social leader, as she glanced into the mirror to see if her eyelashes were properly penciled, “and we shall not adhere to the old rules, but welcome the Prince at once into the inner circles.”

When society sets up a high standard to be observed the members should see to it that the time-honored rules are not ignored by any one, not even by foreigners with questionable, obsolete, or first-class titles.

But when a certain class of women gain

control of any thing it is generally accepted by the public as a foregone conclusion that they will try to reverse every thing that man has in any way sanctioned, including the laws of gravitation. What else could be expected when the Woman Rights Club proclaims that the American husband is studiously tyrannical ?

The Prince was royally entertained and his campaign of love-making commenced under favorable auspices. There was a striking similarity between the actions of the society ladies at this time and the French people years ago, when France was under a monarchical government.

The French disputed about who were to be and who were not to be kissed by the Queen; who should help the King to put on his shirt; who should hold his basin; and they almost fought who should have the great honor to give him his napkin as he ate at his meals.

Now, the women at the hotel actually quarreled, if they did not fight, about who should have the honor of sitting near the Prince when he ate his meals. Disputes were of daily occurrence, and, at one time, owing to the actions of a couple of Canadian ladies, it looked as if

the affair might terminate into an international question to be settled by arbitration or by war.

Whoever could avert such a national calamity must not only be looked upon as a public benefactor, but as a diplomat of no mean ability. To say the least, it is surprising how the right man at the right time arises and proves himself equal to the occasion—which is another proof of the boundless resources of the so-called tyrannical American.

The head waiter very adroitly let it be known that the women who desired to have the high honor of sitting close to the Prince at meal-time must send in their “tips” a day in advance; that the bigger the fee the closer the seat, and that all contracts would be scrupulously carried out.

To show how a title-worshiping sentiment takes hold of the society ladies and compels them to part with their money, it is only necessary to state that when the season closed at Newport the head waiter bought a hotel.

The ladies swarmed around the Prince like butterflies, and it required no little tact to treat all so courteously as not to offend even the most sensitive. If a pretty lady, whom the Prince

desired to bask in his smiles for the day, possessed such a figure that a glove-fitting riding habit would enhance her graceful form, they could be seen, either in the morning or evening, cantering on well-groomed and mettlesome horses along the noted driveways in the forest, or out at Bellevue avenue, or along the sea-shore and the delightful Narragansett highway. They were not bashful or demure, but chatted and laughed in an unconventional way as they breathed the invigorating ozone wafted inland by the brisk breeze from the ocean.

But if a lady possessed an *embonpoint* bordering on obesity a strong equipage was procured, and they drove along the road farther afield, where the lambs gambol on the green meadows. With such a lady, no difference how worthy, he never appeared on a bicycle. The Prince drew the line of propriety very nicely. It was absolutely necessary for him to ingratiate himself in this way, in order to ascertain who possessed a plethoric purse. He proposed to do his own match-making, though a stranger.

Usually he lunched with the lady at her villa or hotel, and often days before she announced triumphantly the coming event. She invited all

of her most intimate friends, and money was not spared to make the luncheon a grand success.

To add to the amusement on such an occasion a noted magician is sometimes employed to exhibit the latest and cleverest tricks of his art. Or famous dancing girls appear in quaint costumes, and their inspiring songs, accompanied by the liveliest step, delightfully entertain the fashionable guests. Informal afternoon teas are for a while the rage.

If they did not go to some notable cotillon in the evening then they visited the theatre or opera where they occupy a private box; and, as a rule, attract more attention than the star player before the foot-lights.

After the performance they enter one of the superb private apartments of a *café* and enjoy a quiet repast all to themselves, where wit, merriment and wine flow together. At a late hour they return to the hotel or villa to seek the needed rest that will prepare them for the next day's festivities. And so from day to day the social whirl continues.

The programme was changed somewhat from time to time, so that the gay life would not become monotonous. The gilded youths encouraged all games and frolics that the foreigners,

who were hunting for a rich wife, might suggest.

There was from the very opening of the season a fair number of the Newport *habitués* of the foreign colony. Although they had been unsuccessful for a season or so, yet they were undaunted and were as anxious as ever to try their luck. Some were respectable, and others venerable *roues*; but all proved to be equally fortunate this time in bestowing titular dignity on the American heiress—fair or otherwise—who guaranteed a snug fortune in return.

Marriage at Newport is not a failure. It is a commercial transaction in which the heiress gets what her despised native land will not give her—a title; and the man of noble blood gets what he did not have enterprise enough to acquire in his own country—money. Both should be happy.

In many cases, although it is a mutual exchange of commodities, Europe gets the best of the bargain. But whether foreign countries always come out ahead is a hard question to answer, for a good deal depends upon the point of view from which a person forms his opinion.

Many a young lady has arisen out of the dining-rooms of the West and became, after her

father had acquired a million or more, a bride of a nobleman in the Old World.

An equal, if not a larger number, of the sons of the nobility come from the Old World to America, and after a year or so become distinguished at last as hash-distributors in the dining-rooms of the West.

When the Prince's attention was called to this he said that no American had any just cause to complain as a fair exchange is no robbery.

The rivalry among the ladies to capture the only Prince in Newport had become intense, and many ingenious schemes were devised to accomplish their purpose before other fascinating daughters of Columbia put in an appearance and joined in the scramble for a title. Up to this time there were many conspicuous ladies who had made deep impressions on the Prince. Some had intellect as their stock in trade, others beauty which they augmented by Parisian art, and then there were those whose only charm was wealth, which they enhanced by quiet little rumors with upward financial tendencies. Some had a combination for an attraction. The matrimonial market was decidedly lively.

## CHAPTER IV.

### INTELLECTUAL WOOING.

In swinging around the aristocratic circles, the Prince feasted with nearly every matrimonially inclined lady of wealth in Newport. He was delighted that he had been so fortunate in casting his lot among women who really idolize a nobleman.

But he was charmed beyond expression by the splendid entertainments given in his honor by the social leader, Miss Sorosis Blackstone, whose claim to a long line of rich, highly cultured and blue-blooded ancestors was never disputed—in her presence. On her father's side she traced her lineage to a dashing young officer who served with distinction under the original Captain John Smith, of Virginia; and, on her mother's side she could give without hesitation the number of the stateroom that her dear old ancestor occupied on the *Mayflower*.

Being very fascinating in conversation and adroit in manipulating her plans, it was no uncommon occurrence for her to refer—of course, incidentally—to her revered ancestors while talking to the Prince; and then, incidentally again, remind him that there were many beautiful young ladies in Newport society whose pedigrees would not bear close scrutiny.

Her air of superiority over other ladies, her gorgeous turn-outs and her display of financial acuteness, which so captivated the Prince and made herself famous, only excited envy in many of her competitors. They were not slow in their criticism of her. Her faults were magnified and her good qualities ignored. She did not care. She could withstand such weaknesses with her superior intellect and strong-mindedness.

The Prince did not consider this. He had not been in America long enough. He pitied her. She smiled and enjoyed the notoriety. The first indications of affinity between them became noticeable about this time. The Prince often remarked that she was so magnetic, and she declared the Prince to be the noblest of the noble.

They were much together, and the people

wondered if Cupid really intended to make them one, for there was a great disparagement in their ages. There were gray hairs in her curled tresses and crow's feet in her face—when her complexion was not properly adjusted. But as the newspapers often referred to her as a lady of great wealth—which was left to her recently by an aunt—the Prince could not discover a gray hair or a wrinkle.

They were love-making. Love is blind. Lavish entertainments were continued at her villa, which never failed to bring forth praises from the guest of honor. She believed, by feasting him, it would help her to win his love; and he, by flattering her.

That she was distancing all of her competitors was apparent, and that it was only a question of time when she would win the coveted prize, although she had neither a symmetrical figure nor a pretty face. In fact, she was homely. Many theories were advanced to explain her commanding influence over the Prince in so short a time.

It was a puzzle to the expert agents in the matrimonial market. There were plenty of young, pretty and rich ladies, who were apply-

ing all the fine arts known to the fertile brain of womankind to entice the Prince from his elderly lady-love. There was no use in trying again, for all efforts had proved a failure. The agents marveled and were astonished. A like exhibition they had never witnessed before.

Youth, beauty, high social position and wealth were as naught compared to old age, ugliness, strong-mindedness, and, as the Prince thought, more wealth.

Some said, behold, she has hypnotized him ; that Cupid had nothing to do in this case but look on and weep ; and that before long man, who has been the glory of the earth since the creation, would now become a mere toy in the hands of any woman possessing hypnotic powers.

While more conservative persons did not take such a discouraging view, but boldly declared that she was the forerunner of the era of the "New Woman." There was some truth in the latter statement, for night after night the Prince and Miss Blackstone were in the library of her villa, discussing nearly every thing from the powers and limitations of the constitution to occult science.

“Have you not noticed,” she remarked to the Prince one night in the library, “that women are forging ahead in the arts and sciences so fast as to alarm the male savants?”

“Indeed, I have, since I came to America,” answered the Prince, diplomatically.

“Women all over the world are demanding their rights, but it is in this country more than any other that the giantess is challenging the giant to intellectual combat. In my opinion it is only a question of a few years when woman will be recognized as the standard authority on every subject. I shall do all I can to hasten the day.”

“Your opinion is correct,” said the Prince, “but how do you reconcile it with St. Paul’s opinion about women?”

“St. Paul!” she repeated, and her eyes flashed as she pronounced the name. “He was just like the ordinary bachelor of to-day—no good. Mark what I tell you. It is only a question of time when the women will fix St. Paul for all time to come.”

“How can they—he’s dead?”

“The outraged women have been waiting for centuries to get ‘even’ with St. Paul, and it

will be done when the 'new woman' completes the revision of the Bible. Then there will be but one correct book—the Woman's Bible—and old St. Paul won't be in it. But I don't like to discuss religious questions at this time."

"How do you account for the superiority of woman over man? Is it natural or acquired?" asked the Prince, changing the subject about St. Paul.

"It is both. From the very beginning of formation the feminine protoplasm was finer and more delicately organized than the masculine protoplasm, and therefore capable of higher development. But owing to vicious and inhuman laws enacted by men who were mentally incapacitated to do justice, women have been held in subjection and their intellectual attainments have been checked. Of course this does not apply to the nobility."

"Pardon me for my ignorance, Miss Sorosis Blackstone, but what do you mean when you say that certain men were mentally incapacitated to do justice to women?"

"That is a very hard question to explain unless one is thoroughly posted in anatomy, physiology and psychology. It gives me great

pleasure to elucidate such a complex problem to a great man like you ; for I know that you will not only understand what I say, but you will agree with my scientific deductions. I have paid much thought to the peculiarities of men, and naturally desiring to have them get along in the world as well as the women, I endeavor not to treat them harshly. I have given them the benefit of all doubts, and I find that according to my way of thinking the men are not such bad creatures after all. The bad things they do are traceable to a defective mental organization caused by physical imperfections. I will now show you why men are guilty of so many idiosyncrasies.

“ Let us take, for example, a broad-shouldered man, six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds. Let us say that he has a perfect physique. Now, you are aware that his body contains what is called a nervous system—that is, nerves running all through it, ramifying every nook and corner. You are also aware that man’s brains are supposed to be in his head. This is an egregious error.

“ In his head there are, however, some brains—in fact, two. The big brain is called cere-

brum and the little one cerebellum. Now, along these nerves which form a net-work throughout the body there are hundreds of ganglions or little brains at regular intervals. This brain-system might aptly be compared to the various telegraph stations. The main office, or big brain, is in New York City, the head; while the many small offices, or little brains, are scattered throughout the country, the body.

“You know that it is from the head-office that all orders are promulgated, but the execution of which depends entirely upon the ganglions or small offices scattered along the system. If there is not enough of intelligence at the main office in New York City to issue the necessary orders to carry on properly the work for which the telegraph system was created, there would evidently be great confusion and great injustice would ensue. Again, if there is not enough of intelligence distributed at the various stations over the country the orders would not be obeyed and confusion would be the result as before. To have a proper system then, there must be sufficient intelligence at every point or station.

“So it is with man. This man with a perfect

physique, so far as the eye can determine at a glance, may not have enough brains in his head to issue the proper orders or think rightly on great questions which come before him for settlement. Again, he may have too much brains in his head, and in that case he is top-heavy. In either case confusion reigns and confusion leads to injustice. Where he has too much brains in the body and not enough in the head he is easily susceptible of wrong doing."

"But suppose he has not enough in either body or head?" broke in the Prince.

"Please do not anticipate. But in that case he is to be pitied—he's an idiot. The perfect man is one in which there is enough of brains, properly distributed, in both head and body.

"Now, what you asked me to explain at the start was why I said that the men were mentally incapacitated to pass just laws for women. To be pointed, the reason is this. The men were suffering from too much brains in the body and not enough in the head to do justice. They may have had good intentions, but good intentions can not eradicate an organic trouble or defect."

"Do you think the men are suffering to-day

with similar ailments?" asked the Prince, timidly.

"Most decidedly I do. I not only think so, but I know it. The nobility—they're all right. But take the average man and his head is robbing the body, or the body is robbing the head, of brains. The perfect common man is yet to be, and until that time comes woman will be robbed of her rights."

"But I am told that a wife can hold property in her own right and do business independently of her husband," said the Prince.

"Yes; that is so. The law in that way is very humane, and she can even sell her property in New York without her husband's signature to the deed."

"Does the law let the husband sell his property without his wife's signature?"

"Indeed it don't. The idea! Man needs a woman to look after him, so he can't squander the property," answered Miss Sorosis Blackstone with emphasis, as an intellectual smile lit up her face.

"Who looks after the wife to keep her from squandering her property?"

"Why, Prince, she doesn't need anyone. She

has brains of her own ; and the law compels a husband to pay his wife's debts, too, and in case of a divorce she gets alimony?"

"But suppose the husband is poor and the wife has property, does not the law then compel the wife to pay her husband's debts?" asked Prince Colombo very anxiously.

"Indeed it does not. The women of this country has stood tyranny enough without such an absurd law as that. We, woman rights advocates, have learnt the men of this country a little sense and before we are through with them will learn them a good deal more."

"Suppose a bill became a law giving the women all the privileges that men enjoy, would not that be equal rights?"

"Of course it would be equal rights—that's what we women are fighting for."

"Well, it seems to me if Equal Rights mean any thing," said the Prince, slowly ; "it means that a rich husband must pay his poor wife's debts, and a rich wife her poor husband's debts and in case of a divorce give him alimony."

"No, no, Prince! You have the wrong idea. If we women get the right to vote at all elections, the law in this particular will remain as

it is—the husband must pay the wife's debts, but the wife not the husband's debts."

"Would it not make a difference whom the American lady marries?" asked the Prince in great excitement.

"Oh, Prince, keep cool; you have the wrong idea again. The statutory law, it is true, applies to American husbands; but there is an unwritten law among American women to pay all debts of their titled foreign husbands. When we women get in power this unwritten law will become statutory and apply to titled foreign husbands only. Isn't that satisfactory?"

"Yes, yes," said the Prince, kissing her hand. "There is no doubt in my mind that American women like you, Miss Sorosis Blackstone, are far ahead of the American men in jurisprudence."

"Indeed we are, Prince, and we intend to stay ahead!" replied Miss Blackstone.

At this moment the electric bell rang and soon the servant appeared with cards on a salver, announcing a call from a party of friends.

## CHAPTER V.

### FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

The next evening the Prince and Miss Sorosis Blackstone were again in the library, with no danger of being molested by any one. The servants had been instructed to inform all callers that the mistress was "not at home."

She was dressed with more than her usual taste, and the French maid might well be proud of her handiwork. The maid, however, could not lay claim to the all-pervading intellectuality—that was apparent to the Prince. The intellectuality belonged solely to the mistress, which the maid could not take off or put on.

The Prince was looking admiringly upon her as she sat like a fairy on the divan, with two small gold-tipped shoes peeping from under a richly-embroidered silk gown. She seemed so bewitching, so young, so full of promise that

the Prince felt like complimenting her, if it were proper, upon her general make-up.

She returned his loving glances with a far-away look, as if her mind were gathering inspiration for some great undertaking, then she said :

“To gather wisdom should be the ambition of our lives.”

“It is,” said the Prince meekly, as he arose and took a seat on a stool at her feet.

“I was saying last night that men who were suffering from the effects of too much brains in their bodies, had, by vicious laws, usurped authority over woman and kept her from developing to that high state of intelligence for which nature has designed her.

“If it had not been for those vicious laws a woman and not a man would have invented the steamboat, the telegraph, the telephone, etc.; and, what is more, they would have been invented a great deal better.

“Woman can detect error when man can not. Look at the sewing machine. When the stupid man who invented it—I have forgotten his name—placed it on the market, the old thing was as hard to run as a threshing machine, so I

have been told by my dressmaker. But the keen eye of the New Woman saw the defects, and finally compelled man to improve it as you see it to-day.

“Men are naturally slow to improve, unless they are urged on by woman, who is always protecting him from the snares and pitfalls which hedge him in on every side. She sees danger ahead and her foresight enables her to avoid many obstacles ; while man, when left to himself, goes stumbling along in the dark, and finally winds up in the gutter, slightly disfigured, perhaps, but stuck in the mud. She helps him on his feet again and gives him a few words of advice, which he seldom heeds. But these are not her only achievements.

“Great questions of Constitutional law that would knock such a man as Daniel Webster silly are now answered by woman off-hand with such accuracy as to put to shame poor, plodding man. Woman does not desire, through trickery, to humiliate man by her superiority ; but man might as well learn his place in nature first as last, and after learning it stay there.”

“My dear Sorosis, please tell me how woman secures such accurate snap-judgments. Is it

by reason?" asked the Prince, with a great show of interest.

"Ah, that is a deep question, I assure you. I see you are following me up at every step," answered Miss Blackstone, smiling down on him.

"Indeed, I am following you up," said the Prince, blushing.

She continued :

"Woman arriving at conclusions by reasoning! No; that is man's way. He makes up his mind by the slow process of reason, because he has a coarse organization. Now, I don't blame him for his crude style. He does the best that he can. He was built that way, and it will take years of cultivation to fit him for the higher intellectual plane which the 'New Woman' is now enjoying.

"As a rule, women are more spiritual and have fine brains, accurately balanced. Therefore she arrives at her conclusions at one bound by that more subtle process—intuition. Reason is all right in its way, but it is no match for intuition. In short, intuition is closely connected with the spirit. You can speak of it but you can not explain it."

"Miss Sorosis Blackstone, you have done nobly. Your knowledge of things seems to be so vast that I would like to ask something about art which has puzzled me for years," said the Prince, hesitatingly.

"Go ahead, Prince, I am right at home on art. You see I belong to New York," replied Miss Blackstone, encouragingly.

"You have seen, no doubt, that famous picture—Angelus, by Millet. Do you call it a good picture?"

"I call it one of the master-works in all art. It sold, if I remember aright, for more money than any picture. There is nothing like it. It is a pity this country did not keep it. France has it now, but what thousands were paid for it—over one hundred thousand dollars. That is another case of the short-sightedness of men in this country."

"That is all true, but what is bothering me is this—what constitutes a first-class picture?"

"That is easy enough to answer—proper conception, touch, and finish."

"Can any one be able to tell a good picture, then?" asked the Prince.

"Any one who is posted in art."

“ But you are aware, Miss Blackstone, that when the famous artist painted it, he placed it in the window of his studio and offered it for sale at a very small price. He could not sell it, and it has been doubted if he could have given it away. Yet, after years have passed, the colorings faded, and the whole picture not as good as it was when the artist himself placed but little value on it, the picture was sold for thousands of dollars. Who was the better judge of the picture, the artist or the man who paid the thousands?”

“ You see the artists in those days were poor in worldly goods and they had to take what they could obtain for their work, whether the picture were good or bad. Besides there were not as many rich persons then as there are here. I have spent thousands of dollars for pictures which I would not have done if I were not very wealthy. These things should be taken into consideration in making up your mind,” answered Miss Blackstone as she invited the Prince to take a seat on the divan.

“ It is right and proper for me to take such things into consideration, and I shall do so. What do you think of the conception of the Angelus?” ”

“The conception is perfect. It is just lovely. There is one fault, however, I must confess. They courted and loved in the old way, but we can overlook that, as we know a better way. Do you think, Prince, a woman of the present day could paint it as well as that great artist did ?”

“Now, to be honest with you, I do,” said the Prince, “and furthermore, I believe that if a woman with your ideas and attainments had been the artist the picture would have had a finer conception, and a softer touch would have given to the cheeks a brighter glow.”

“You flatter me, Prince, still I thank you for the compliment,” replied Miss Blackstone, as she, blushing, edged closer to him.

“I cannot but express my admiration when you have regaled me with so many facts—so many apt illustrations.”

As the Prince spoke these words with great emotion his eyes looked up to hers as if to say that he was longing to nestle in her protecting arms and admit that his heart was won by the force of cold facts. She did not encourage him, but looked pityingly at him and then said :

“Which do you, Prince, admire most in women—form, a beautiful face, or intellect?”

“I don’t like to tell,” said the Prince shyly as he covered his face with his hands.

“Oh, do tell,” said Miss Blackstone, encouragingly.

“Intellect, first, last and all the time,” answered the Prince, bracing up.

“Really, do you?”

“I do.”

“Now, tell me what about me has pleased you most and excited your admiration?” asked Miss Blackstone, as she watched his bosom heave with suppressed emotion.

There was a long pause. Meekly he sat there on the divan in the shadow of the bronze statue of the Goddess of Liberty. His lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears of love, and then, in an almost inaudible voice, answered:

“Your intellect.”

“You love me then for the preponderance of my intellect and spurn a beautiful face and a symmetrical figure like poison?”

“That’s it exactly. My flow of language is as mud compared to your lucid loquacity.”

“ Then come to my bosom, deary,” she said, with outstretched arms toward him.

He came.

She covered his face with kisses, until he almost gasped for breath. Then, looking down into his weeping eyes, she read the secret of his throbbing heart. She held him tenderly in her arms, and, smoothing the hair from his pale brow, asked :

“ Will you be my devoted husband, rain or shine ? ”

With a beaming, upturned face to hers, he softly whispered “ yes.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Miss Sorosis Blackstone was now the happiest woman in Newport. She had vanquished all her rivals—and if that don't make a woman happy, then she would not be happy under any circumstances.

She was positive that she had demonstrated to the public mind the supposed fact that when beauty and intellect are pitted against each other, the sensible man will always put his money and heart on intellect.

She was perfectly aware, however, that in her case she had only secured the Prince's heart, for he did not have money. But, being somewhat of a philanthropist, she made up her mind to help the Prince out at the proper time by furnishing the money herself. The Prince had no objection—Princes seldom do—provided there is enough of money.

But would there be enough to satisfy him ? In his eagerness to marry the richest lady he did not exhibit that shrewd business tact which characterizes a more experienced heiress-hunting foreigner. However, he was young and could learn.

Still he may have been deterred from having a definite understanding before the engagement from the fact that Miss Blackstone was a superior lady—schooled in all the advanced feminine ideas of the day. But if there is not a definite understanding on this important financial question, Love's labor is often lost.

Cupid is getting to be almost a failure. He is a genius in his way. He can arouse the tender passions, and get young hearts together, and, sometimes, old ones too ; but he does not know the first thing about the financial side of love. In fact, he does not know that there is a financial side. He never improves, but adheres to the old ways, and will soon be a back number. A few more years and he will be out of a job.

To properly broach this all-important subject to his *fiancéé* was a very delicate undertaking—an undertaking that has, from time immemorial, caused men to lie awake at night to devise a

plan to secure the money with the least amount of friction.

He found that he had more to contend with than the average man. He had the "New Woman," with all the attendant evils that that implies, to overcome before he could reach the cash. She had manipulated conventions, made speeches on many subjects, and held elective offices. But after she inherited riches, she became an art-critic, a society lady, etc.

What did the Prince know about such things? Still he must have an agreement as to his yearly allowance before the marriage could take place. The Prince had tried hard to keep the marriage engagement from the public until some kind of a settlement was completed, but he had failed. Now, in order to know just what to demand for a yearly allowance it would be absolutely necessary to know how much his *fiancéé* was worth.

How could this be ascertained?

By inquiring among his most intimate friends —the gilded youths. They told him to go ahead and get married at once, for she was beyond doubt very wealthy, and that if he hesitated too long she might change her mind.

"But how much is she worth?" asked the Prince, earnestly.

"Millions!" came a chorus of voices.

"How do you know that?"

"Don't the papers say that she is the wealthiest woman in Newport? The papers know every thing," answered one of the youths, quickly.

The Prince was sorely distressed because he could not or had not found out how many millions Miss Blackstone possessed. He saw that it was very poor policy for him to discuss such a delicate question even before his most intimate friends, lest some one might be the means of informing the lady of his indiscreet actions. So he called on one of his friends, whom he was sure he could trust, to one side, and told him the predicament that he was in, and that he wanted the best advice to be given. He was also short of ready money and a successful scheme that would not only secure his future needs, but his present wants, would be thankfully entertained and rewarded. He admitted that he had but little experience in money matters and was almost practically at the mercy of even a woman. He saw where he had made the

mistake at the start—a mistake he would never commit again.

This confidential friend was an attentive listener, as he twirled a Whangee cane, and then said :

“There is but one way out of your difficulty. Go to your *fianceé* and tell her that it is customary in Italy and all monarchical governments for the lady to state exactly how much she would allow her husband each year as spending money.”

“But how much do you think she should allow me per year if she is worth millions ?” asked the Prince.

“That depends greatly how her millions are invested. If they are in bonds or in mortgages which bear interest at a stated rate, it would be very easy to determine the amount that would be just and proper for you. But if the millions are in such a shape that the income is small or very irregular it would be very difficult to set a proper estimate. If I were you I would not hesitate to broach the subject to her on the lines that I have mapped out.”

“But you see,” said the Prince, “if I knew just how her millions are invested I would be

in better trim to discuss intelligently my rights, and cite cogent reasons why she should do so and so. She is a very shrewd woman and I anticipate that she will want to limit me to only a few thousands a year. That won't do, for I came over here, not for my health, but for—you know."

"Boodle," chipped in the Prince's friend, laughing.

"But could I not," continued the Prince, ignoring the interruption, "find out what I desire by seeing some of the newspaper men on the paper in which there appeared from time to time such flattering accounts of her and her millions?"

"They would not tell you if they knew all about it. But I do not think she is worth as much as the common rumor says she is."

"What makes you think so? You don't think the papers exaggerate, do you?" asked the Prince.

"I will tell you something if you promise me that you will not tell it to any one. It might not only do me injury, but the person who informed me. Do you promise me as a man?"

"I promise; I swear," said the Prince.

“There is no doubt about the lady being wealthy, but some of those flattering notices in the newspaper were paid advertisements.”

“What’s that?” exclaimed the Prince.

“Paid advertisements—puffs !”

“I’m swindled!” ejaculated the Prince, almost in despair.

“Don’t get excited, Prince. She’s all right. Possibly I should not have told you this, but as long as you were so anxious to know the lay of the ground before you presented your ‘Bill of Grievances’ to your lady-love, I thought it would cause you not to petition her for too large a sum. Don’t get melancholy. Go and do as I have suggested and you need have no fears of going hungry. Keep cool and you will come out a winner.”

The Prince thanked his confidential friend for the advice and declared that he would follow every detail as marked out for him. But try as he might to be happy as he received the congratulations of his friends upon his lucky engagement, he failed.

He would bow, smile and thank them for their compliments, but through his mind all the time would be running, “advertisements, paid advertisements—puffs.”

When alone he was the picture of gloom, but when evening came he walked over to his *fianceé* to have a quiet little chat on the subject which was most dear to his heart.

As she waited at the door to welcome him she was all smiles. She threw her arms around the Prince and both kissed repeatedly with such fervor that it was really surprising. But then the emotions of the heart are so peculiar, so changing, that it is a veritable puzzle to those who do not contemplate matrimony. They walked into the parlor and, when dinner was ready, partook of a good meal, after which they went, as usual, to the library.

The Prince looked happy and contented ; but whether it was the result of the magnetic influence of kissing, or whether it was caused by the nutritious meal, there will always be a doubt. Possibly both had something to do in dispelling the melancholy which had for days made him miserable.

“ You seem so happy, so lovely to-night,” remarked Miss Blackstone, as she pinned a bouquet to the lapel of his coat.

“ In my dreams and in my hours awake you appear to me all that is true and noble. It is

the communion of two souls like ours that produce genuine happiness. Deception, I am sure, can never find a foot-hold in our hearts," said the Prince.

"Never, dear Prince; I despise deception."

"I do too."

"Where true love reigns it can never enter."

said Miss Blackstone, emphatically.

"Indeed it can't. Our lives are full of love."

"Yes; and there is no deception, Prince."

"None, whatever."

There was a long pause that was somewhat oppressive, then the Prince said:

"In Italy the women are now and then deceiving, but they have many good qualities. When a woman marries a man of high degree she always, if she is wealthy, gives her husband a large amount of money each year as a settled allowance. She is very generous that way; but no more so, and probably not as much, as any wealthy American lady would do under similar circumstances. The amount is always agreed upon when they become engaged."

There was another pause.

"In this country," said Miss Blackstone, after she collected her thoughts, "such an insigni-

cant courtesy is left till after the marriage ceremony."

"We don't call it an insignificant courtesy in Italy."

"What do you call it?"

"Business."

"And is it always attended to before marriage?" asked Miss Blackstone, nervously.

"Always; and they are very generous in their allowances. You see my rank is such that I desire to follow the time-honored monarchical customs. It is proper and it is wise."

"About how much is usually allowed?"

"That depends entirely upon how wealthy the lady is. If you see fit to tell me the wealth, I can tell the allowance."

"Well, as near as I can tell, about one half of a million," replied Miss Blackstone, with some hesitation.

"Are you certain that is all?"

"It will not be over one-half a million. It might not be quite so much."

The Prince looked out of the window, frowned, and pulled his mustache. Then, without looking toward her, he, in a firm voice, said :

“Nothing short of fifty thousand dollars per year will answer.”

“But I can’t grant such a large amount. If I had millions it would be different.”

“Did not the papers say many times that you were worth millions?”

“I don’t just re—— they may have. They say so many things,” answered Miss Blackstone, and her lips quivered visibly for the first time.

“You have deceived me. You paid for those articles in——”

The Prince, remembering his promise to his friend, did not finish the sentence.

“Oh, Prince; how cruel!” cried Miss Blackstone, giving way to her feelings and covering her face with her hands.

“The engagement has not been formally announced, and I now declare to you that the engagement is off. You must not bother me and I will not you.”

The Prince arose and walked to the door, followed by Miss Blackstone, whose sobbing had now given way to anger, and her blue eyes glistening through undried tears.

“Prince,” she exclaimed, as she pointed her

manicured index finger at him, "you have trifled with my affections ! I will sue you for breach of promise. All you want is my money."

"All you want is my title. You can have it for fifty thousand dollars per year. You can't raise that amount. The engagement is off." and he closed the door in her face.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SCHEMING.

When the Prince closed the door in the face of Miss Sorosis Blackstone she was mad ; and when a strong-minded woman gets mad she's mad all over. Miss Blackstone was very strong-minded. She was also very emotional.

Outbursts of lamentation and fits of anger followed each other in rapid succession. When bowed down by melancholy she went into her bed-room to weep ; but when aroused by anger she rushed into the library to declaim against the depravity of men—foreign and domestic.

The next morning, after the French maid had prepared her toilet for her, she started down town ; and, if loud tapping of her high-heeled shoes on a hard sidewalk indicated anything, she was in an angry mood.

She entered the office of Mr. H—, a noted lawyer ; and, being ushered into his private consultation-room, said :

“Mr. H——, I came down here to authorize you to begin at once a breach of promise suit against that consummate fraud—Prince Colombo.”

“Really, Miss Blackstone, it has not come to this? I was of the opinion, from what the people said, that you would soon be a Princess,” said the lawyer in great surprise.

“By rights I should be a Princess, but it has come to this. He has trifled with my affections and I must have redress.”

“Were you really engaged to be married?”

“Indeed we were, but as you know, it had not been formally announced. He kept postponing the date until he finally refused to fulfill his promise.”

“You have no other charges to make against him but a breach of promise?”

“That is all.”

“Don’t you think, if it were properly managed, that the Prince would retrace his false step and renew his vows?”

“I would not believe him under oath, and I will never marry that man—never!”

“But think of his social position and high title,” suggested the lawyer, blandly.

“Why, Mr. H——, I would not marry the Prince now, if he had a title as high as the Washington Monument. When I give a man my love, and he violates his promise, I make it my business to see to it that he is severely punished.”

“How much damages do you want for your wounded feelings?”

“Well, this being my first love-affair, I will not take a cent less than fifty thousand dollars.”

“It will greatly embarrass the Prince to pay that amount,” said the lawyer, gravely.

“That is just what I want. Pile it on thick —more embarrassment the better.”

“Are you not aware that the Prince is practically a—— well, a bankrupt?”

“He surely owns something?”

“Nothing but his debts and title ; and there is no law compelling him to pay money when he has not got it. Besides he is a foreigner of some influence.”

“Is there no justice in this country ? No law to protect down-trodden woman ?”

“I will go ahead,” said the lawyer, “and make it as disagreeable as possible for him ;

but it will be out of the question to get any money from him."

"Is that the best you can do?"

"It is."

"Then you need not go on with the suit," said Miss Blackstone, rising to go; "but if we women ever get the right to vote we'll fix these foreigners who come over and lacerate our affections. I have a notion to publicly horse-whip him."

"But there is no law for that," said the lawyer.

"What, no law for that, either? This country is getting more tyrannical every day. But when we women get in power we'll pass a law before breakfast permitting any woman to horse-whip a man. Good-day," and Miss Blackstone returned to her villa in a worse temper than when she left it.

Miss Blackstone was a high-spirited woman, and, remembering that she had time and again tantalized her rivals, she commenced to realize what to expect in return, now that she had failed to capture the Prince. There was one tongue that she especially feared.

The most hated competitor for the title of

Princess was a highly educated lady, young, beautiful and wealthy, but whose sarcastic tongue had been used quite often of late to advantage in describing the eccentricities of a wealthy woman of uncertain age and a young man, who were trying to form a binding contract called, sometimes, marriage. Would that tongue be merciful now? She had no hope that it would.

Before Miss Blackstone's "disappointment in love" she was haughty and did not care for the opinions of her critics; but now, crest-fallen, she was as sensitive as if she wore her nerves on the outside of her flesh. To remain in Newport and enjoy the gay life was impossible; for it meant that wherever she went—to the theatre, to the ball, or on the promenade—she would be pointed out as the Prince's "old flame."

She thought it over and then exclaimed in disgust :

"No; I have suffered enough already. I shall close my villa and depart to more congenial scenes."

Shortly afterward she disappeared from Newport where her contest for monarchical honors

had proven such a failure. She returned to New York City and was consoled by the members of a noted woman's club.

The rumor that there had been a love-spat, and her sudden disappearance without any explanation, was considered by the public as conclusive proof that the engagement was off.

What a fine subject it afforded the society ladies to talk about ! In fact, all Newport engaged in an animated discussion as to who was to blame. The more pious said that it was a sin for a loving couple like Prince Colombo and Miss Blackstone to allow a slight misunderstanding to interfere with their plighted vows, and that punishment in some form would surely follow. But the public was in the dark as to the exact cause of the disagreement.

As Miss Blackstone had departed without even making a public charge of a breach of promise against the Prince, and as there was no one qualified, or felt disposed, to champion her cause, she was generally condemned by the society ladies as being too independent. They said the Prince was to be pitied.

It is singular how a disappointment that will drive one person away from a place will cause

another to remain. The Prince was not dis-couraged. As his debts increased his belief increased that it was necessary for him to marry rich. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention.

The Prince must have thought so, for he and his confidential friend labored constantly to cause the public to be impressed with the story that there had not been an engagement, and that Miss Blackstone started the rumor that there was an engagement for the sole purpose of tantalizing her numerous rivals. This had the desired effect. The society ladies flocked around the Prince more than ever, and he saw that he was again the master of the situation.

But experience had taught him to be more cautious and not to get engaged until he was certain that the lady was all that she pretended to be, especially in a financial way. He was very pronounced on this subject to his confidential friend, whom he authorized to look after his interest in a quiet way; and said that he would overlook most any defect in her social standing, but that he could not conscientiously marry a woman who was not financially solid. He proposed to know a little something about

her pedigree and every thing about her finances, if it required a year to do so.

He explained to his friend the reason why he demanded fifty thousand dollars for a settlement by saying that he knew Miss Blackstone was very anxious to marry him, although she pretended at times to be very indifferent as to the final outcome of the courtship; and that if he had asked only a reasonable amount she would have complied at once and considered it a good bargain. He thus tested her love and avoided a blunder. If she could have seen her way clear she would have paid the fifty thousand dollars a year and called it a little bit high. The Prince actually pitied her for being so poor.

Now, as one million dollars was the smallest amount that a woman could have and win his noble love, it would have made both very unhappy in getting married. He would have received only half enough of money, and she only half enough of love.

The million-dollar limit was, therefore, not only a blessing in disguise to both, but it made a golden opportunity for some other ambitious American lady to step up, put down the neces-

sary cash, and walk away with the Prince, rejoicing.

But, hereafter, the Prince intended to be in no hurry, make no more blunders, and play a sure game for a million.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A WANDERER.

About a year before the raising of the Bear Flag in California an American trading vessel came into port and anchored in the beautiful bay of Monterey, one hundred miles south of the Golden Gate. Her destination was farther north, where the Siwash Indians came to trade along the Columbia River ; but as she was in a disabled condition, owing to the stormy voyage from New York City, the Captain desired to avail himself of the repairing facilities afforded in the City of Monterey, the then capital of California.

The ship's crew were kept busy for over a week in overhauling and making the vessel seaworthy. When every thing was about ready for the continuation of the voyage, two sailors asked and obtained permission from the Captain to visit the famous San Carlos Borromeo

del Carmelo de Monterey, which was founded June 3d, 1770, by the noted mission padre, Junipero Serra. On hiring a Mexican, Eracho Lorenzo, as guide, they visited the old mission, viewing with delight the quaint structure, faded paintings and broken images of Christ. The gate to the altar had been torn down or the hinges had been worn out; the sanctuary, which showed traces of its former grandeur, was now a home for bats; and the whole building, including the *adobe* wall which encircled it, was falling to decay.

But what a motley crowd of worshipers kept coming and going! The sailors, with uncovered heads, looked on in bewilderment. The crowd was composed principally of women, who jostled each other as they moved forward and knelt on the earthen floor to pray in silence before the crucifix. On rising they passed out and went their way.

An old Mexican woman was particularly noticeable, as she came tottering into the church unaided by any one. Her wrinkled face, bent form and gray hairs told plainly that she was nearing the last mile-stone of her life. As she approached the altar, her accustomed place

was vacated by the other worshipers. She sat down on the earthen floor, crossed herself without bowing her head, and commenced to mumble a prayer as she gazed in admiration upon the crucifix. She paid no attention to those around her, looking neither to the right nor left. The incoherent sounds which escaped her lips arose and fell like the weird incantations of a Hawaiian priest, when trying to appease the Goddess of Fire, Pele, at the brink of the burning volcano, Kilauea.

The common people looked upon her as one who possessed supernatural powers. Her reputation for curing diseases, that were considered beyond medical aid, and for having a foresight, that penetrated the future and revealed the successes or failures of any one, had been noised about for miles. Though infirm in body herself, she claimed to make others well; though poor herself, she pretended to reveal treasures of untold riches to others.

The Mexican guide for the sailors informed the old woman as she tottered out of the church that two strangers were anxious for her to reveal to each one his future life. She paused and surveyed the party with a critical eye, as

if she were trying to determine their nationality, then taking a seat near-by, beckoned them to her with her scrawny hand.

On receiving her pay from both in advance she smiled and commenced to tell each one's fortune, the guide acting as interpreter. When she came to the last sailor her second-sight must have increased in strength from exercise, for she seemed to warm to her work and talked with great animation. She said :

“ My son, you are too young to be away from home. You came here without a permit from your parents. You ran away ! What made you go on such a wild journey ? It was love of adventure which is implanted in the hearts of too many people for their good. Temptations are strong and you are weak—weak in resisting the evils of this world. Although you are thousands of miles from the parental influences which have such a beneficial effect in molding a boy of your age, yet be not discouraged. Your future is bright, with here and there a cloud floating between you and happiness. When the cloud comes it will not tarry long, but will roll away, leaving you light-hearted again.

“ Your hopes and aspirations will never be

realized in the north country. All is dark up there. The clouds are thundering. If you continue the voyage in the ship, you will get the scurvy, and——”

“I have that now,” broke in the sailor boy; but she continued without noticing the interruption:

“And you will find a land of rain and rheumatism, then more rain and more rheumatism and an early death. Go not there.”

“How about Baja?” asked the impulsive sailor, anxiously.

“The southern sky is red with fire. The stars can be seen, but the flames mount high in the heavens. The heat is unbearable. The sun above and the burning sands below consume the flesh of man and leave his bones to fertilize that arid land. To you it would be suicide to go. Baja California, is a land of desolation, unendurable thirst and death. Go not there.

“My son, look up the bay and you will see the peaks of the Santa Cruz mountains towering high in the clouds, gathering moisture for the rivers which irrigate our lands; to the east the lofty Sierras loom up behind the coast-

range which holds the sea-clouds until the rains insure a bountiful harvest ; to the south the chain of foot-hills guards the grain, fruit and flowers from the hot winds ; and to the west the ocean breeze tempers the summer's heat, and makes life worth living.

“ My son, this is the land. Stay here, as the signs direct, and you will die rich, otherwise you will live a dog's life and die a pauper.”

She uttered not another word, but arose, hobbled along a by-path and soon disappeared in her *adobe* hut, which was surrounded by an *ocotilla* fence, whose prickly surface barred out the intruding public.

The sailors were amused at her strange action, and, instead of being satisfied at what they had witnessed, they were more anxious than ever to investigate the mode of living and the peculiar customs of the Mexicans. They were afforded every opportunity in the power of the guide to gratify their desires ; for he could earn more money in a few hours in this way than he could in a whole week by following his vocation of chasing wild steers through the chaparral brush.

For hours they examined with great satis-

faction two-wheel carts made entirely of wood, wooden plows, dilapidated huts with low, flat roofs and no windows; peculiar pottery, especially the *olla*, which, by a sweating process, warm water placed into it is soon made cool; the quaint head-gear for men and women; and other crude handiwork of the Mexicans, among which was a bake-oven that one of the sailors was sure was a kennel for two half-starved hairless dogs near-by.

Now, the hospitality of the Mexicans is one of their main characteristics, and while the sailors were watching an elderly woman making *tortilla* a dining-table was quietly prepared for three. On being asked to partake of the frugal meal the sailors and the guide were too hungry to refuse.

Seating themselves at the table, the *tortilla* (bread) was passed around and then a dish of *frijoles* (beans), *chile* (red-pepper), and a little chopped meat made into a stew was given to each one by a beautiful *senorita*, whose mother had prepared the toothsome repast.

The Mexican guide was not slow in devouring what was set before him, for the meal was rather better than he was accustomed to on the

rancho. The young sailor-boy, being very hungry, succeeded in eating the bread, and was doing very well with what he supposed to be the ordinary stew, although several times he was very nervous and looked as if he were about to cry. However, he was silently encouraged to finish his meal by the charming young lady keeping his cup filled with milk.

The old sailor had seen a great deal of the world, but he had never before faced such a meal. There was no doubt about the victuals being well cooked and nutritious. There was no doubt that the old sailor was brave, but his tenacity of purpose was defective. He commenced to eat the stew, then he stopped, drank his milk, and looked around as if he were uneasy. The old Mexican woman had her eyes on him as if she surmised that he did not like her cooking.

He determined to show the old lady that he did like her cooking and he commenced again to eat, but his stomach and mouth seemed to be on fire. Was the "stew" too hot? He tried to cool it by blowing his breath on it. A few more swallows of it and the lachrymal glands overflowed his eyes with tears. He

sneezed, arose from the table and walked out. When the other two had finished eating they passed out of the hut and saw the old sailor sitting on a stump of a tree near a water-ditch fanning his mouth with a palm-leaf.

“What’s the matter with you?” asked the young sailor, laughing.

“I’m burning up, my mouth’s all blisters and my stomach is boiling.”

“What have you been eating?” asked the guide, with a smile.

“Nothin’, but that Mexican Irish stew,” replied the suffering sailor as the saliva dropped from his mouth.

“That wasn’t Irish stew; that was *chile*,” said the Mexican guide.

“Chilly? If that was chilly I’d like to know what you call fire and brimstone?”

“I mean it was *chile con carne*, the national dish of Mexico.”

“Why didn’t you drink more milk and avoid the blisters,” chipped in the young sailor.

“How could I, when you drank all the milk that was in the hut?”

“Well, why don’t you then go down to the ditch and give your mouth a bath and cool off?”

Don't stand there frothing at the mouth, for some one will think you have been bitten by a mad dog!"

"I did go down to the ditch, but I was horrified by seeing about a hundred men, women and children bathing, and not one solitary stitch of clothin' on 'em."

"That's all right. No native objects to such things," suggested the guide, Lorenzo.

"I suppose that's another national custom of Mexico."

"It is," answered the guide.

"Well, I don't want to be too critical; but I won't stay in a country where they feed a man on "fire" and go bathin' with the ladies without having even a fig-leaf. I'm no Christian, but I'll be—— if Adam and Eve simplicity isn't good enough for me. I'm goin' back to the ship," said the old sailor, as he arose to go.

"Now, look here," said the young sailor, "you're a fine fellow to criticise the bill-of-fare and the 'livin' pictures' of Mexico. You're too fastidious. I don't see how you ever became an old Jack Tar. So far as I am concerned I do not intend to go back to the ship."

"I suppose you have allowed that old clair-

voyant-hag to turn your head when she told you about dying rich and such nonsense. Do you really believe that the north is full of rain and rheumatism?"

"The old Mexican woman has to make her living some way, and that's all right about rheumatism, but I will never again step my foot on the deck of that ship. That is a settled fact."

"What will the Captain do about it?"

"Swear."

"Yes; and he will hunt after you and he'll probably find you eating *chile con carne*."

"Let him hunt. Here I stay, come what will."

"Now, no joking, what do you want me to tell the Captain?"

"Tell him that I, Thomas Brandon, prefer *chile con carne* to the scurvy."

"I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

## CHAPTER IX.

### A CALIFORNIA HOME.

Two days after their visit to the old mission the ship sailed north, minus one sailor, and Thomas Brandon walked the streets of Monterey without any danger of molestation for failing to report to the Captain at the expiration of his pass.

The few dollars that were in his pocket reminded him that he was among a strange people in a strange land, where idleness was the rule and work the exception. He commenced to think what he could best follow for a livelihood. He had been in straitened circumstances before and always found a way out. In fact, he was inured to hardship. At an early age he was left an orphan, to take care of himself by working for farmers—some good and some bad—on Long Island, New York.

Owing to his lack of knowledge of the Spanish language he met with reverses in trying to

secure work; but finally he and Eracho Lorenzo obtained employment on a cattle ranch in the Santa Cruz valley. Here he remained about a year, when one morning, in trying to ride a vicious broncho, the animal reared and fell backward. Brandon received such injuries as to incapacitate him for hard work or hard riding.

Taking a part of his pay for his services in cattle and the rest in silver, he built a hut in the mountains of the Santa Cruz and made a living by fishing, hunting and trapping, which seemed more to his liking. When the war with Mexico was brewing and Great Britain schemed to take possession of California, there was a popular uprising, called the Bear Flag insurrection, whose leading spirit was Gen. John C. Fremont.

Up to this time nothing occurred that tended to mar the friendship existing between Thomas Brandon and Eracho Lorenzo; but when it was plain that war was inevitable, they could not remain neutral, but took sides. They parted friends socially, but enemies politically.

Thomas Brandon's love for the stars and stripes never wavered. He left all his posses-

sions in the mountains and joined the insurgents under General Fremont and Commodore Stockton, although he was hardly able to endure such a life. Eracho Lorenzo went south to Los Angeles and joined the forces of the Mexican Governor, Pio Pico. Being able to speak the English language fluently, Lorenzo was heartily welcomed by the Governor, who was sorely pressed for money and men to carry on the war.

The young Mexican patriot rendered valuable service to his country, and when, at last, it became evident to all that the stars and stripes would soon float over California, the Mexican soldiers clamored for their pay. Governor Pico was at his wit's ends to determine what it would be proper to do to reward, in some way, his faithful followers.

Money was scarce. It was impossible for him to pay the great majority of the soldiers. What could he do for his most trusted friends? There was but one resource left him, and he availed himself of it. Large grants of lands were given to those who were his intimate friends. But this had to be done before his power as governor was wrested from him, in

order to make the grants binding both in Mexican and United States law.

Many secured grants in the last hour of Mexican rule. Eracho Lorenzo was one of the Governor's favorites, and the loyal cowboy returned to the Santa Cruz Mountains the owner of thousands of acres of land, where he had herded cattle, including the ground on which Thomas Brandon had his hut.

Shortly after the restoration of peace, Thomas Brandon returned to his mountain home, only to find his friend, Lorenzo, in full possession.

"I thought you were dead," said Lorenzo, laughing, as he extended his hand at the approach of his friend; "but come in and take a seat at the table. Dinner is ready."

"No one is more welcome to make his home in my house than you," answered Brandon; "although we fought on different sides. We did not allow our convictions to alienate our friendship for each other."

"It is true that you own the log house, but I own the land for miles around. Read this," said Lorenzo, as he handed Brandon a paper.

Brandon perused the paper critically, and then, looking up, said :

"Well, isn't war peculiar? You lost what you fought for and came out rich. I won what I fought for and came out poor."

"Fate decreed that the Mexican government in California should go down in defeat," said Lorenzo ; "but hereafter your flag is my flag."

In harmony they lived an easy life in the hut for years, tending a few cattle and hunting wild game. Then came another excitement to disturb their quiet neighborhood. The gold fever, like a contagious disease, spread from the valleys to the highest mountain peaks. Ranches were left idle or sold for a song. Men went wild. Brandon, however, had no desire to try his luck in playing a lottery game with mother earth ; probably on account of not being able to perform hard labor and also on account of the constant exposure to all kinds of hardship which he would have to endure.

Eracho Lorenzo caught the fever and off he went to the mines. At first Fortune smiled, and then frowned on him, and he traversed the Pacific Coast from Baja California on the south to British Columbia on the north. Miner-like, he was often stranded, but always hopeful. When necessity demanded financial assistance

he wrote to Brandon for several hundred dollars to develop some new gold mine with a high-sounding name, which often proved to be only a hole in the ground. Then off to another camp, or he would come home to rest and get more money.

Brandon never refused him a loan, for the mines afforded a splendid market for every thing he had to sell. Brandon was doing well; but business is business. A mortgage was placed on the Lorenzo grant in favor of Brandon for money loaned and taxes paid. Lorenzo again returned to the mines to see if he could "strike it rich." Several years afterward, in a dispute over a mining claim, he was killed.

In settling up his estate it was found to be heavily encumbered. Although there were thousands of acres of mountain and valley land, yet the valuation was low at this time, for it was not until the advent of railroads that the land commenced to advance in price. The Lorenzo land grant was sold at auction, and Thomas Brandon became the sole owner.

By acquiring this land it did not create in him any ambition for improvement. He jogged

along in his easy way, trapping, hunting, and stock-raising. But notoriety was thrust upon him. He had killed more bears than any man in that part of California, and—owing to his persistency in wearing a coon-skin cap—he was known for miles as “Brandon, the coon-hunter.”

He prided himself on his profession, as he called it, and he decorated his hut on the outside with all kinds of skins to make his calling more apparent to the passer-by. Although his hair was turning gray, he had never tried to decorate the inside, thinking, perhaps, that it was not needed, unless one is married.

It is a singular coincidence that, with all his loneliness and wealth, he never thought of matrimony until he had a fight with a grizzly bear and won. Perhaps such encounters would encourage other men to do likewise.

He was terribly injured, however, and it was necessary to convey him to San José for medical treatment. When convalescent, he wooed and won a lady who helped to nurse him. She was an old maid—not one of the nagging and cantankerous variety, but a kind, true and lovable woman—Mary Gilroy, by name.

Both had been reared in poverty, and had

lived long in California; both received what education they enjoyed in the school of the world, as they worked for a living. They loved their native land above all others. Their genealogy was somewhat obscure. So far as they knew, not a drop of aristocratic blood flowed in their veins, and of famous ancestors they could not boast.

Strange as it may appear, they did not even claim that a very distant relative came over on the memorable Mayflower, nor did they try to trace their lineage back to the cavaliers of Virginia. The probabilities are, judging from the numerous families in America who trace their ancestors back to Plymouth Rock and Jamestown, the ancestors of the Brandons and Gilroys avoided the rush on the first ships that came over, by waiting in the old country a few years longer, and then took a steerage passage on a vessel which landed at a more cosmopolitan place, called Castle Garden.

Thomas Brandon and his wife were contented in the fact that their ancestors, so far as their knowledge extended, were honest, industrious and law-abiding; and with these virtues forming the cardinal principles of their lives, they,

in their mountain home, cared nothing more about their pedigrees.

The upbuilding of a beautiful and happy home was the uppermost thought in their minds. To them married life was a success. Men were hired to work on the large estate, and as years passed hundreds of acres were put under cultivation. Mexican cowboys, wearing broad sombreros, rode constantly over the range on fleet-footed bronchos, caring for the herds of cattle; and life and prosperity were seen on every hand.

A commodious frame house, built of red-wood, was erected and furnished neatly, so that his wife and himself might enjoy some of the luxuries that had been denied them in their youth. A large blue-grass yard, with beds of flowers, clumps of shrubbery, ilex and membrillo trees here, walnut and palm there, and a small artificial lake, where ousels came to bathe, formed a park-like view in front of their vine-covered house. In the rear of the building and up and down the roadway, tall eucalyptus trees cast their soothing shade. Whether in winter or summer, when the days are warm, the piped water from the gushing spring on the

mountain-side gleefully sets the fountains playing in the yard to quench the thirst of the grass and flowers. Often the wife sat rocking in her easy chair on the portico, while the canary bird, looking out of its cage upon the rosy lawn, filled the cooling air with its happiest song. This transformation marked the epoch of their married life.

Across the way, just outside of the yard, stands the old log-hut, bedecked with the trophies of the hunt. Near the doorway a large black bear paced up and down the full length of its chain, awaiting to be fed by its master, who has not discarded his coon-skin cap or ceased to follow the trail for game. Hunting, the hunter declares, is his occupation; farming and stock-raising only a secondary consideration, which is left to a competent foreman to see that the work is successfully performed on the ranch. Whatever else may be torn down the hut must stand to keep fresh the memories of the old pioneer days.

While thus quietly living in the Santa Cruz Mountains, amid pleasant surroundings, their married life was blessed by twins—a boy and a girl.

## CHAPTER X.

### CHILDHOOD.

Thomas Brandon had advanced slowly from poverty to affluence, from a bachelor to a husband, and now he was a father. He was proud of his record. He was the happiest man in California, and the responsibility of a parent that now rested on him was borne with a dignity and a smiling countenance which seemed to indicate that he had reached the goal of his ambition.

Many enjoyed his hospitality, and even the poor of the neighborhood received presents from his vineyard and orchard. It was the sturdy pioneer's way of rejoicing over the first-born. The twins were named Arnold and Bes-sie, and more robust and healthy children it would be exceedingly difficult to find.

To him it was a pleasure to watch over and care for them in their tender years, to prepare for their education when they arrived at the

proper age, and to lay up enough of earthly treasures to secure the future of his family from want. He thought over all these paternal duties, but he did not worry. The future was bright. He was not a rash speculator, or a spendthrift, but a cool, calculating old hunter who put his faith in land, knowing that it could neither burn up nor blow away.

The Lorenzo land grant, which had been secured for a few cents per acre, was now worth many dollars per acre, owing to the recent completion of a continental railroad, which carried to the eastern cities the products of the saw-mill, the ranch and the orchard ; while sailing vessels and steamers plied between the Pacific coast and the markets of the world. A coast railroad line had passed across his land, causing towns and cities to spring up. Immigration, which heretofore had been slow and transitory, consisted now of desirable classes. The valleys and foot-hills were settled by an enterprising and prosperous people.

As years rolled by more railroads were built and better facilities were afforded the tillers of the soil. California experienced a "boom," not of gold, but of real estate, which caused

the price of land for town, agricultural and horticultural purposes to increase to such a figure that Thomas Brandon found himself a multi-millionaire.

His great increase of wealth made no perceptible change in him, although many of his neighbors, who were less wealthy, moved to the cities to enjoy life.

When Bessie arrived at the age of twelve she had such a habit of hunting with her father that he bought her a gun, and so proficient did she become that she was soon famous as the fair "Huntress of the Santa Cruz." Her trusty rifle and unerring aim had caused the death of several black bears and one grizzly before a year. Small game she killed without number. On foot or on horseback she shot the California quail with equal ease; and bagged the snipe and grouse, or angled the frisky speckled trout at her own sweet will. Climbing the mountains or crossing the streams was to her only healthy exercise. She often challenged her brother to compete in riding wild bronchos or to throw a lasso; but to all such challenges Arnold would tease her by calling her a tom-boy. Whether in school or

at play the self-same spirit made her a leader.

“I think,” said Mrs. Brandon to her husband one day while the children were out in the yard playing tennis, “that we had better send them to school in San José, where they will be better prepared for college. It has been my desire that they should receive the best education that we can give them. Although Bessie revels in outdoor life, yet she stands first in her class at school. She is a natural musician, so her teacher informed me, and the few lessons that she has taken on the organ proves that she is an apt scholar. What do you think?”

“Mary, you know that your will is my will. I, too, desire to have our children well educated. But will a higher education increase their patriotism—cause them to love more than ever their native land and its institutions?”

“Of course it will. Besides our children have been reared in the Santa Cruz and mountaineers are always loyal. Wealth may sometimes cause children to disown their birth-place, but education never will. You know how Bessie loves to recite patriotic pieces at school, and go roaming with you in the forest-covered

mountains. She could never cease to love us and her native land—never!"

"Bessie and Arnold are sunshine to us now. I hope they will be so when we are feeble with age. I trust that a fine education will not cause our children to forget their less accomplished parents or excite in them a desire to hide their humble birth." and the old hunter gazed out of the window as if he received a sad premonition.

"Our children's love for us is stronger as they grow older, and I wish to see them graduated from the best college in the land."

"If they keep their health," said Mr. Brandon, "your wish will come true."

"It will be years before that day," said his wife with a sigh ; "but what a pleasure it will be to see our children receive college honors."

"Wouldn't I attract attention! Wouldn't you feel proud to see some dandy point me out at your side and say: "Who's that old codger with a coon-skin cap?" and Mr. Brandon laughed heartily at the thought.

"But you could wear a tailor-made suit and a silk hat," suggested Mrs. Brandon.

"A silk hat! Good gracious, Mary, you're

dreamin'. A silk hat would make me dizzy for a month and the good people would think your hubby had been drinkin' somethin' sorter strong."

"You could buy the hat now and commence practicing. But how foolish it is for us to think of such things so far in the future."

"Mary, nothin' is more refreshin' to old people than to build air-castles, just as children do. I have built 'em all my life, and intend to until I die. It's a pleasant recreation for the mind," and they arose to call the children, as the gong sounded for the evening meal.

A few months after this conversation Arnold and Bessie went to school in San José; but nearly every Friday evening they came home to stay until Monday morning, when they returned. In this way their love for the family circle grew apace instead of diminishing, and Bessie continued her outdoor amusements with the same zest as before.

Picnic, fishing and hunting parties from the schools were often piloted by Arnold and Bessie to the Big Trees of the Santa Cruz and the adjacent country, for they were thoroughly acquainted with every acre of land for miles. At

other times a "sociable" would be announced at the Brandon mansion, where friends from the city and country congregated to spend many a happy evening. Thus their school years were spent. Being well advanced in their studies on entering the school they graduated a year in advance of the usual time.

Bessie's essay on "Patriotism," delivered on the Commencement Day, was pronounced by the critics to be the best one; and she received great praise, not only from the professors but from her many friends. When the old hunter saw the essay printed in one of the city papers he read it over and then, throwing his coon-skin cap on the floor, exclaimed:

"Mary, that is the best article that I ever read. It has the right ring to it, and I do wish we had a house full of Bessies!"

"I told you, Thomas," said his wife, with great pride, "that education does not make women forget their native land. Why, the whole essay abounds with love for us and home."

"That's so, Mary; it's chuck-full of loyalty. Arnold's essay does not sparkle so much, but—isn't there a saying that still water runs deep?"

"I believe there is. But don't you think we had better send them—after a good vacation—to the best colleges in the East?" asked his wife.

"Yes, I do. What one do you want Bessie to go to? She is such a good, promising daughter that I want you to select the very best."

"I want her to go to one where there are none but young ladies. I think it would be the best, for then there will be no young men to attract her attention from her studies. It seems to me that the boys and girls should be educated in different schools."

"I don't see why they should be, but you can have your way about educating Bessie. What place have you selected?" said Mr. Brandon.

"What's the name of that school for ladies located at Poughkeepsie, New York? I read about it the other day. Oh, I remember now—Vassar!"

"Mary, you have made a good choice, I reckon, for I was born in New York and often heard about the rich people sendin' their daughters there. It's called a way-up school. But I think I will send Arnold to Ann Arbor,

Michigan. It's a good school, too ; and, being a western man, it suits me better than those eastern universities."

These plans were heartily concurred in by the children, for they were anxious not only to please their parents, but to gratify their own ambition to excel in learning. In due course of time they passed the examination at their respective colleges.

## CHAPTER XI.

### AT VASSAR.

Bessie Brandon fell in love on sight with Vassar—Vassar which stands on the classic banks of the Hudson river and at the head of the American institutions that are devoted to the education of women exclusively. Beautifully situated not far from New York City on the south and the noted Catskill mountains on the north it challenges the admiration of all students.

Its fame is world-wide and the curriculum embraces nearly all that could be desired. Its palatial buildings are very attractive; its commodious dormitories entice sleep in some of Columbia's brainiest and fairest daughters; its discipline surpasses all others—strict and unmerciful; its professors are able, sad-eyed, austere, suspicious—watching like hawks the going and coming of each lady lest by some legerdemain she might smuggle through

the gates an outlawed man ; and they frown at the wind because it might break the rules by carrying a "message of love" to some tempting callow youth just outside of the intellectual Eden—these were some of the merits and demands of Vassar when Bessie Brandon matriculated.

No sooner had the professors classified the hundreds of students according to their attainments, and every thing was moving smoothly along in the busy routine of college life, when each class, from freshman to senior, commenced, as usual, to give tangible evidence of a strange and mysterious practice which never finds advocates in a college for men. It is a puzzle why women are so addicted to it.

The metaphysician may be able to explain the absurd actions of the young ladies at Vassar and other like colleges, but to an ordinary person their peculiarities are likely to remain a mystery. So different are their ways from the University young men that one is almost forced to the conclusion that they belong to a different race. Whoever can ferret out the cause is surely well-versed in mental science; and he who can apply a remedy deserves the

lasting gratitude of all persons who detest idol worship.

The young lady in each class who had the most graceful figure, dressed lavishly, was very intellectual, possessed the best disposition, the prettiest face, and wore the sweetest smiles—in fact, the one having the most winning ways, was chosen Queen.

The lady then assumed a queenly *hauteur*, and before her every one of her followers must bow the knee and every tongue must sound her praises. To win recognition from the Queen was the ambition of all who cared for social preferment or to gain even the good-will of the majority of their class-mates. It is no easy matter to be thus favored, as many a student has found out. The new arrival is sometimes at a loss to understand why all her endeavors to gain even a smile from the Queen is met with rebuffs and discouragements. Failure after failure disheartens her, and rather than live like one ostracized, she either gets advanced to a more congenial class or leaves the college.

Every where the Queen must be honored by her worshipers. Even in the morning when

going to school the young ladies congregate on some principal street-corner to await her coming, and fill the air with their cooings.

“I do wish she would come,” says one.

“I do want to see her so awfully bad,” says another.

“Who?” asks one who has just been admitted to the college.

“Our Queen, of course,” is the answer, as the speaker looks anxiously up and down the street.

“Oh, there she is, walking through the park,” exclaims another.

“How graceful she moves along.”

“Too pretty for anything.”

“Just lovely, isn’t she.”

“I’d give the world if I were as good as she.”

“Oh, she’s an angel.”

“How sweet.”

“I just can’t wait.”

“I must kiss her first.”

“No, you sha’n’t.”

Off the ladies ran, one after the other, and when the most favored ones are kissed and the others, bowing low, receive a sweet smile, the Queen leads them into the college.

Now, Miss Bessie Brandon was a very agreeable, ambitious and beautiful young lady. By her genial disposition and many accomplishments she gathered around her a host of friends. With very little opposition she was chosen Queen of the freshman, and the only criticism that was made about her was that she was too much inclined to treat all alike. Considering the way that she had been reared her actions were in perfect harmony with her life; but in course of time she became more aristocratic.

She was very successful in her studies, and after a few years was promoted to the senior class, when a very wealthy and aristocratic lady from Rhode Island was chosen Queen. This did not, so far as the public could tell, excite envy in Miss Brandon; but the Queen seemed to be envious of her accomplishments, which had been more than once recognized by the faculty. In many ways the Queen made it very unpleasant for her.

Miss Brandon, however, was very popular in spite of the few persons who tried to disparage her triumphs. She was not of that turn of mind to sit still while others found

enjoyment in trying to make her miserable, although she was naturally kind-hearted. Possessing some literary ability, she devised a plan to silence her bitter enemy—the Queen. Now, what would prove the most effective punishment for a man would not do for a woman. They think differently and have different treatment. If there is any thing in the world that a woman knows thoroughly it is how to make another woman mad. In this Miss Brandon succeeded beyond her expectations.

She simply wrote, for a noted magazine, a short article about two college girls. She graphically described, but in a thin disguise, the rivalry between herself and the Queen; how the Queen, after much talk about marrying well, wedded only an ordinary man of her own country; and how the Queen cried and refused to be comforted when she read in the papers that her rival went to Europe and married a Prince. That was all.

When the students read the article in the magazine there was a commotion. The aristocratic Rhode Island lady cried and was thoroughly mad, and if it had not been so near Commencement Day she would have been dethroned and Bessie Brandon declared Queen.

Miss Brandon not only accomplished her purpose in lowering the estimation of the Queen in the eyes of her classmates by casting reflections on the Queen's ability to marry well, but she demonstrated the fact that no difference how bitter enemies American women may be they agree that the most desirable marriage includes a title.

But the bickerings and idol-worshiping which for years had occupied a good share of their college life had now to be suppressed; for when Commencement Day is near, all who expect to graduate are busy with their studies, hoping that they may acquit themselves creditably in the eyes of all and receive their diplomas.

Miss Bessie Brandon had written home regularly to her parents, and told them of her progress in her studies and her success socially. In spite of her accomplishments and triumphs she was the same happy child that used to hunt with her father in the Santa Cruz mountains, and her letters were as full of affection, if not more so, than they were when she first entered Vassar. She entertained very different views on many questions—that was to be ex-

pected ; but her general disposition was the same.

During all this time she had not returned to the Pacific coast, and now, at the close of her college life, she was not ashamed to have her parents come and see her finish her course. In fact, she repeatedly asked and insisted that they should be present, as she expected to graduate with honors.

Her mother had looked forward for years to the day when she could have the great pleasure of seeing her only daughter graduate at one of the best colleges in the land ; but the father was not so anxious about making such a long journey, and, to use his own language : " I don't believe I'd know a college if I'd see one, and the girls would get frightened at me, anyhow."

" But you have never been back to New York since you left there when a young man ; and you can not only visit Vassar but you can visit your old friends on Long Island," pleaded his wife.

" That's so, Mary ; but I expect the old friends are pretty near all dead by this time. It's been a long while ago, and you know old

Father Time in cold New York has to work to keep warm," and the hunter smiled in his quaint way.

"It will do you no harm to go, anyhow. Would you not like to hear Bessie sing in the great college?"

"You're right, I would, Mary; and I tell you I have missed her, oh, so often. Didn't she have such a good voice? Why, you could hear every word; and couldn't she make the organ hum? I wonder if she can sing as good as ever?"

"Of course she can, and a great deal better. Don't you remember that in one of her letters she said that she had won a prize in music?"

"Gosh, that's so. Mary, I'll go if it breaks the Bank of Californy and the Vassar girls get me arrested for a wild man!"

From that time on, until they left for the East they were busy arranging every thing in proper order on the large landed estate, so that they could enjoy the journey and not worry about any thing. Persons who have lived long in one place and have not been away for years are prone to think that if they leave even for a short vacation that their business will suffer,

and that when they come back they will find every thing topsy-turvy. This was so with Mr. Brandon, but he had promised his wife to go and he determined to make his word good, even if it caused him some anxiety and much discomfort.

Vassar boasted of over one thousand young lady students from all parts of the United States and a few ladies from several foreign countries. The relatives and friends of these students were now assembling at Poughkeepsie, New York, to witness the exercises pertaining to the presentation of the diplomas.

Trains from New York and other adjacent cities brought crowds of people—some poor, more rich, and many influential—but they all came to pay tribute to youth and intellect, and bid the ladies greater success when they go forth into that greater school—the world.

Commencement Day had a cloudless sky. Vassar, bathed in golden sunshine, never looked lovelier amid the stately elms on the classic banks of the Hudson. The campus carpeted with green blue-grass, the parks filled with the perfume of roses, and the shady paths fringed with the choicest flowers tempting the

visitors to saunter through the grounds or sit idly in the cool shade and watch the gaily-decked crafts race up and down the river.

Hark ! the bell is ringing and Vassar's Main Hall is fast filling up. An aged couple is walking slowly toward the building in which the crowd is gathering. The man has on a silk hat, a dark suit of clothes and leans heavily on a gold-headed cane; but the chin-whiskers tell plainly that he is from the country. The lady is dressed becomingly for her age. They stop in front of the building and look around as if undecided which way to go, when, from a side-entrance, a flutter of white darts down the steps, and cries :

“ Mother ! ”

“ Dear Bessie ! ”

“ Father ! ”

“ My Daughter ! ”

“ What made you so late ? ” asks Bessie after kissing her parents. “ I have worried myself almost to death, thinking that something dreadful had happened.”

“ We were delayed by a railroad wreck, Bessie,” answered Mr. Brandon.

“ Why didn't you telegraph to me, father ? ”

“I never thought a breath about it.”

“Well, come this way,” said Bessie as she led to the reserved seats for the parents of the graduating ladies. Making them as comfortable as possible, she excused herself, as the hour for the exercises had arrived.

Mr. Brandon and his wife gazed about in complete bewilderment, for such a sight they had never seen before. What fashion, wealth, culture and beauty were displayed in one building! It was well worth the journey of three thousand miles, thought they.

The stage was bountifully decorated with flowers. There were the professors, who had done so much for the education of the students, on the right of the stage and the class on the left. How beautifully the graduating ladies looked in their elaborate and varied styles of dress—their fond parents having lavished money without stint upon them.

Through all the exercises the interest on the part of the visitors did not decrease, and each young lady was accorded generous applause; but Bessie Brandon, who received the highest honors of the class, was the favorite, as there always is a favorite on such occasions, with the people.

The ovation given her was truly flattering. Her parents, with commendable pride, witnessed her success and watched closely to see if she had changed after being away from them so long. Yes; the years had made changes. She was prettier, more graceful, and her voice softer and more modulated; but there was the same self-reliance and ambitious spirit which they admired in days gone by.

As soon as the exercises were over Bessie introduced her parents to the professors and her many friends who had gathered around to congratulate her and wish her even greater triumphs in the future. After the usual courtesies of bidding each other farewell had been observed Bessie and her parents went to her apartments for refreshments and rest.

For a week or more Bessie's parents remained in Poughkeepsie resting and sight-seeing. There was much to be admired, and the time passed pleasantly with their daughter, whose extended acquaintance afforded them ample opportunity to see fashionable life at the college and contrast it with the life in the country. One afternoon Bessie and her father were strolling in the college grounds and looking at the different varieties of roses.

"I have noticed, father," said Bessie, as she plucked a flower and put it in the lapel of his coat, "that as long as you have been here you have been rather reticent and have not expressed yourself very decidedly about Vassar, while mother is just in love with Vassar."

"Well, I think it is better to gather information than to give it away," he said, with a smile.

"But I want your opinion so badly. You used to trust me with your opinions when I used to go hunting with you."

"I hope I can always trust you, Bessie. Vassar is, no doubt, one of the best colleges. I may not be a fit judge, but there is something that I do not understand," he said, hesitatingly.

"What is it, father?"

"Well, to begin. You used to pronounce words very distinctly. You used to say riv-e-r, ca-r and New Yo-r-k; but now I notice you say riv-ah, cah and New Yo'k. Don't understand it."

"You see, father," said Bessie, laughing; "the letter 'r' must not be blurred, but sounded or touched lightly."

"When I touch 'r' or any other letter, I believe in touching it hard enough to wake it up. You may be right, Bessie, but I think you don't sound the letter at all," said her father, good-naturedly.

"What of it, if the 'r' is silent or dropped?" asked Bessie.

"I'm goin' to tell you. I drop my 'g' because I didn't get enough education, and the Vassar girl drops her 'r' because—well, I don't know—may be she's got too much education. It puzzles me to tell where ignorance ends and where education begins. Please excuse me for changin' the subject, Bessie, but isn't it hot! I do wish I had my old coon-skin cap instead of this silk hat."

"Well, what other objections have you got against Vassar?" asked Bessie, laughing, as she watched her father wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"You know I'm old-fashioned and should not talk too much."

"That is just what I like, father. You're a diamond in the rough; but go on with your objections."

"I well remember when I used to listen with

delight to your singin' in our dear old California home; and I could hear every word you sang, even if I were some distance away. One clear, still night, as your song—every word as clear as a bell—came floatin' down the canyon to me, I just stopped killin' coons to listen."

"But can not we Vassar girls sing as well?"

"No—not one."

"Why?"

"It's another puzzle."

"But the critics have decided that we are proficient in music; and as you have heard a good deal of singing since you have been here I would like to know what it sounds like if it is not good music?"

"But I don't think it would be proper to tell what it sounds like to me—I'm no critic."

"We are all alone, father, and I do want to know your private opinion—out with it," said Bessie, encouragingly.

"Bessie, you remember that you have shot and killed coyotes?"

"Of course I remember."

"And some you only wounded?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, a Vassar girl's singin' to me is like

the howlin' of one of your wounded coyotes—  
you can't tell what she's sayin'."

Bessie laughed heartily at her father's objections to Vassar, knowing that back of his blunt speech was a kind and true heart.

They walked on leisurely to where they were staying, and, after talking over their plans for the summer with Mrs. Brandon, it was decided that Bessie and her mother should spend the summer at Newport, Rhode Island, where Bessie had been before, and that Mr. Brandon should pay a short visit to his boyhood home on Long Island, and return to California.

## CHAPTER XII.

AT NEWPORT.

When Miss Bessie Brandon and her mother arrived at Newport, fashionable society was just recovering from the commotion caused by the "love affair" of Prince Colombo and Miss Sorosis Blackstone; and Bessie's appearance right at this time created anxiety on the part of several ladies who had laid their plans with the utmost care to capture the Prince.

Nothing is more exasperating to professional husband-hunters, who are enjoying the smiles and blandishments of the men, than to have a young and pretty miss come into society, and captivate every man worth marrying. They would, if they had the power, protect themselves from such a monopoly. But as competition is the life of trade, so competition for a title was the life of Newport.

A few days after Miss Brandon had secured a cottage in Newport, the Prince met his confidential friend one morning in the Park.

"Hello, Prince, you are just the person I want to see. Come and sit down on one of these rustic seats, for I've good news to tell you."

"I've got some good news myself to impart," replied the Prince, as he seated himself and lit a cigar.

"Your news, Prince, is about that lady you were with last night at the quadrille."

"Yes, you guessed it. She is very rich, and"—

"Look here, Prince," broke in his friend, "you are foolish to waste your smiles and time on that one *now*."

"Why? She's the richest lady in Newport."

"No, she is not. There is a new arrival, and I have had a long chat with her."

"How did you 'catch on' so soon?" asked the Prince.

"Oh, she was here last summer, you know, and"—

"No, I don't know. I was not here last summer," chipped in the Prince, laughing.

"And she is the wealthiest lady here by long odds."

"Oh, tell me all about her," said the Prince, in great earnestness.

"She's the only daughter of a California millionaire, just graduated with the highest honors from Vassar College, and is a real young beauty."

"How many brothers has she?" asked the Prince, quickly.

"Only one."

"That's one too many."

"But her father is a millionaire several times over and she has money to burn."

"Where did you say she's from?"

"From California, the Golden State."

"Money to burn, young, pretty and one brother," repeated the Prince, thoughtfully.

"All that and more," said his friend. "She has a superb figure, and her daring exploits in her silk bathing suits of many colors set Newport wild last summer."

"Silk bathing suits of many colors?"

"That's what I said, Prince; and she can swim like a fish. You ought to see her with her wealth of golden hair, in the water. It's a picture to feast your eyes on."

"I don't care so much about her swimming abilities; but is she matrimonially inclined?"

"Well, that's the question. She was not

last summer. But she has graduated now, and I think by proper tactics you can win her, for when I asked her—for effect—if she had the honor of your acquaintance she blushed and said she would consider it a rare favor to be introduced to the Prince. I promised to introduce her at the first opportunity, and she thanked me with one of her sweetest smiles, revealing such perfect teeth."

"Are her family connections as aristocratic as Miss Blackstone's?" asked the Prince.

"No. To tell you the truth they are the reverse. Both her parents were reared in obscure poverty, but no one can say a word against their integrity. It seems to be the rule that women who are of humble origin have a great desire, when they become rich to marry some one who is of high birth, so as to—to—"

"Bridge over the chasm between the classes," spoke up the Prince, coming to the assistance of his friend.

"That's the way to express it, Prince; and I think you have the proper bridge material and she has got the money to put up the bridge. What do you say?"

"If she is all that you claim, I shall give the

‘cold shoulder’ to that other lady and stake my fortune—or rather my title—upon the young California heiress. When can I have the pleasure of her acquaintance?”

“If you like, this afternoon on the beach. But I have one request to make.”

“Any reasonable request will surely be granted. What is it?”

“You must shave off your mustache.”

“What’s the object of that?”

“It is this, Prince. You do not look well with a mustache, and as I have undertaken to secure you a rich wife I want to enhance your personal appearance as much as possible. You will look much younger to be clean-shaven, and I am sure you will then make a good impression on Miss Brandon this afternoon on the beach. The first impression, if good, is very effective on the mind of a young lady fresh from college.”

“The mustache comes off,” replied the Prince, with a merry twinkle in his eye, as they arose to go down town.

Newport was at the height of the gay season. Fashionable men and women from all the principal cities were fast filling up this famous

summer resort, and every day there were new attractions for the pleasure-seekers. To-day it is sea-bathing and to-morrow it will be polo, and so on.

As yet Miss Brandon had not made her appearance in society, for she had been busy fitting up her cottage for her mother and herself. True, she had met several of her old friends in an informal way, and became well posted as to what was going on and what had taken place since the season opened; but she had not appeared at any entertainment or public gathering.

Now, as sea-bathing had been announced as the day's special attraction, and as swimming was one of her most enjoyable pastimes, she had made up her mind to join the rollicking crowd in the afternoon at Narragansett Pier and take a dip in the ocean.

It was a typical New England summer day, just a slight breeze stirring to temper the heat, and hardly a white-capped wave could be seen as the billows rolled in succession and broke into foam upon the sandy beach.

Newport was depopulated. The people were all on the beautiful sea-shore at Narragansett,

where the old and the young, male and female, the sedate and the buxom flirt were basking in the smiles of Old Neptune. What crowds of men and women ambled up and down the beach along with gaily-dressed children, pug dogs and skye terriers !

How precise the rules of propriety are observed in selecting the kind of amusement ! But the rules are not the people's. They are of each person, for each person and by each person. Each shallow-chested and spider-legged person of either sex did not don a bathing-suit ; but each person who was plump of body and limb discarded the street habiliments. Thus, by the rules of natural selection, the crowds were on the beach as spectators and the living pictures in the water as performers.

Oh, such living pictures ! They, in their vari-colored costumes, were a delight to the most fastidious. Here and there the crowds would gather as the attraction shifted by some fair charmer or daring man appearing among the breakers ; or at some other point where a fat man, or a fatter woman, would be seen floating on the water, wrong side up. Nearly every body seemed happy.

The Prince and his confidential friend, becoming weary of swimming in the strong tide that was running inland, were lying on the beach surrounded by a bevy of society ladies, whose conversation and shy glances showed that the Prince was the object of their attraction. One of the ladies was holding her parasol in such a way as to protect the Prince's complexion from the sun, while he was regaling them, by request, with one of his weird Italian tales.

Not far away from this group of celebrities Miss Brandon stepped out of one of the dressing-rooms and passed unnoticed into the surf, where she tested her skill buffeting the waves for the first time that season. Becoming more self-reliant, she swam still farther out, until she reached a rock, which was beyond the danger-line during the incoming tide. She climbed upon the rock and stood motionless for a moment looking into the boiling water with her arms poised above her head.

A life-guard caught sight of her and shouted to her that there was danger. The people heard the warning, and turned their eyes toward the object-point in time to see her plunge headlong into the foaming breakers.

The life-guard hurried to the rescue, the Prince cut short his Italian story and arose to his feet, but the parasol was still between him and the sun. The crowds gathered on the beach opposite the rock, and watched with bated breath. After passing around the rock, the life-guard returned without the lady, and as he stepped on the beach a dozen voices asked :

“Is she dead ? ”

“I don’t think so,” answered the life-guard, slowly. “She’s that expert swimmer from Vassar, and she said if I bothered her again she’d duck me for luck.”

As he ceased speaking, there she was on the rock, and before the people had time to recover from their fright, she poised and plunged again into the sea. The Prince looked toward his confidential friend and received a significant nod in return. Re-appearing on the top of a wave, the crowd cheered her again and again.

To the delight of the spectators, she disported for an hour in the sea, like a mermaid. Then, coming nearer to the shore, her bathing-suit of bright colors could be distinctly seen as she

arose with the billows. The Prince and his friend, becoming anxious to enjoy another dip in the sea, politely excused themselves to the ladies; and were soon mounting the billows with a dexterity which caused the society ladies to exclaim with enthusiasm that the Prince was no novice in the art of swimming.

Presently, as if by some strange oceanic disturbance, the roaring breakers drifted and whirled, tossing the bathers like bubbles on the crest of a wave; but when the billows subsided, the commotion of the ocean was transferred to the society ladies on the beach. There, in the shallow surf, stood the Prince and his friend beside Miss Brandon, chatting as merrily as if no jealous eyes were watching.

When Narragansett Beach was deserted that evening, gossip was rife in Newport about the Prince and the Vassar graduate.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SECOND ENGAGEMENT.

Miss Brandon was deeply impressed with the suave manner, general appearance and exalted title of Prince Colombo. The Prince was deeply impressed with the necessity of marrying a rich lady very soon, in order to liquidate an aggregation of debts which he had incurred while trying to win an American heiress.

Under these conditions it was not long before the Prince and Miss Brandon appeared together at the most exclusive entertainments and receptions in Newport, and rumor had it that it was a case of love at first sight. But this was disputed by several young men, who were anxious to contest the Prince's alleged claim to the entire attention of Miss Brandon.

Her brilliant conversation, vivacious disposition, and acknowledged beauty won for her the respect of all and the admiration of many.

She soon became as much a favorite at Newport as she had been at Vassar. No fashionable entertainment was considered complete without her; and she gloried in the fact that she had broken into the caste of aristocracy.

American men of wealth, polish, fame, high social position, and personal attractions felt flattered by an introduction to her, and they vied with each other in paying tribute to her beauty and accomplishments. Fashionable balls and receptions followed each other in rapid succession as the season advanced, and many were given in her honor by her American admirers. She was pleased by their attention, but she seemed happy only in the presence of the Prince.

“Mother,” she said one day after returning from an entertainment, “don’t you think it would be just splendid if I were to marry the Prince, and he is such a nice fellow, too ?”

“Has he proposed ?” asked her mother, quickly.

“No, not exactly; but he has been very attentive, and I think his intentions are honorable.”

“But you know, Bessie, your father is so

opposed to titled foreigners, and I hardly think he would approve of such an engagement. Still he might."

"But father is so indulgent, and the Prince is so delightful! I am sure father would forgive me; and then would it not be grand for you and father to refer to me as the Princess instead of Bessie?" and the daughter smiled in rapture at the thought.

"So far as I am concerned, Bessie, I have no objection. The idea strikes me very favorably; and the Prince has been so very kind to me. I really think he would make a good husband."

"I think so too, mother; and he always asks about you. He's so kind and thoughtful. And just think how grand it would be for you to come and stay with me as long as you want to in our home in Rome. There I would be a Princess and you would be honored and that would make some of the Newport ladies so mad!"

"There are some things very dazzling about the titled classes of Europe, Bessie, and I would like to go and see their ways and their country."

"Mother, you ought to hear the Prince's de-

scription of Rome and other grand Italian cities, and"—looking out of the window, added: "There is the Prince coming now on his bicycle. I am so glad. Then turning to Ah Lung, the Chinese servant, she instructed him to tell the Prince to walk right into the parlor. She busied herself and took a few quick glances in the mirror.

At the pressing of the electric button Ah Lung opened the door, and said:

"Walkee light in, Princee; walkee light in!"

"I am so delighted that you have come, Prince," said Miss Brandon, extending her hand and asking him to be seated in the arm chair.

The Prince bowed gracefully, shook hands with both ladies, inquired after their health, and as he seated himself, said:

"Miss Brandon, I felt so lonely this afternoon that I thought I would come and ask if you would like to have a little outing on the wheel?"

"How kind of you, Prince. It will be so delightful. Excuse me, please, until I prepare for the wheel."

The Prince bowed affably, and then engaged

in a pleasant conversation with her mother. He praised the fine weather, discoursed on the picturesqueness of the country, and gave it as his private opinion that the Americans were the greatest people under the sun. This seemed to please Mrs. Brandon very much, and when Bessie appeared dressed in her riding habit, she said :

“ You both look so fine, I think you had better have your pictures taken with your bicycles.”

“ Capital idea. We will,” said they both in one voice ; and as they mounted their wheels they bade good-bye to Mrs. Brandon.

Both were adept bicycle-riders, and their tour attracted much attention as they went dressed in the latest fashion—he in a flashy coat and trousers and she in woman-rights breeches and a pongee jacket—through the principal streets and out across the country.

The exhilarating ride was very enjoyable and on their return they stopped at a noted artist to secure a few good pictures, as Miss Brandon said she intended to send one home to her father.

The Prince was more devoted in his attention to her, and gossip had it that they were engaged.

The fact that the people saw them riding so much together had something to do with the general belief that they became engaged on the wheel. This belief, however, was wrong.

When sea-bathing, polo, tennis and other amusements lost their charm about the close of the season, the joyous autumnal picnics became more popular, especially the picnic by moonlight. It was at one of their favorite moonlight picnics that Prince Colombo made a conditional engagement with Miss Bessie Brandon, on whom he promised to bestow his proud Italian title, if her father would present them with a house in Rome and guarantee a specified yearly income. This plain proposition, adroitly put, was accepted.

Up to this time the Prince's pathway had been strewed with flowers, and all the ladies had been loud in their praises of him ; but when the engagement was announced the same ladies who had looked on him only to admire now placed the Prince and his *fiancé* under the microscope and examined them as none but women can.

The poet says that "hope springs eternal in the human breast ;" but jealousy in the breasts

of these women did twice the springing. To a disinterested person it is really amusing to hear the comments of these ladies on the pedigrees of this noted couple.

“I do not know what to think of Prince Colombo,” said Miss Critic one day to a group of ladies in the ball-room of the Casino, after the “dance of the tinkling cymbals,” “for selecting Miss Bessie Brandon. She is only a Western girl who has been in society just two seasons. She made her *debut* last year, and she didn’t make such a sensation, either. She may be rich, but I doubt it; and even if she is, the Prince needs every dollar of it, for he is just awfully in debt.

“He owes nearly everybody. He plays the races, gambles, and I have heard it whispered that his favorite beverage isn’t water. His pedigree is not to be bragged about, for I have been told that the whole Italian lot are paupers. I would never marry such a worthless man, would you?”

“No, never! Its awfully awful, and scandalous, too,” came a chorus of voices.

“Of course its scandalous,” continued Miss Critic; “and it is humiliating to all true Ameri-

cans. She thinks she's smart, but all that she is going to marry him for is his poor macaroni title. And did you ever see such a lop-sided, bow-legged and pigeon-toed specimen of the *genus homo*?"

"Never; not even in a museum," answered the other ladies, in one voice.

"Miss Brandon thinks that she did something grand to come to Newport and capture the only Prince at this famous watering-place; but I want to tell you one thing," and Miss Critic's eyes flashed with indignation. "Her pedigree is very defective."

"Hear! hear!" cried the listeners, coming up closer.

"At one time her folk were quite poor out West. Her father spent his time paddling around in a mountain river trying to fish out gold, where old miners said there was not a 'color' in the whole good-for-nothing stream. He kept right on paddling. Owing to this, they were forced to keep a boarding house for lumbermen; and the old woman did the cooking, while the embryo Princess slung the hash. Finally, the old man quit mining—that was what he called it—and went trapping for coons!"

“ And did they make their wealth on coon-skins ? ” came again a chorus of voices.

“ That’s what I’ve heard. I don’t give it to you as gospel truth, but as gossip truth ; and I think it is a good riddance when they get married and clear out of this place. But after all the match is a good combination—macaroni and coon-skins ! ”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MONEY TALKS.

In California, on the Lorenzo land grant in the Santa Cruz Mountains, the heat of the sun was intense. It was one o'clock in the afternoon. At the foreman's call the laborers walked lazily from the shade of the tall eucalyptus trees, where they had been lying and dozing on the green grass. Those who had been dreaming of better days in the past regretted their luck, while the others laughed, or went stoically to their work on the ranch, contented in the thought that they had employment.

Mr. Brandon, after reading in a newspaper about two ladies who bowed down in admiration and kissed the seat on which the Prince of Wales had just been sitting, had fallen asleep in his low hammock on the portico, where, over the lattice-work, the climbing *reine marie* hen-

rietta shielded him with its leaves from the rays of the sun. The bear, across the way, was not worrying about its freedom, but was enjoying a rest in the shade on the top of a large box, which, in bad weather, it used for a house.

There was no breeze stirring—no noise could be heard, save when the canary bird woke up between naps; and becoming disgusted each time with singing in hot weather, it would relapse again into a blissful doze. About the house all life seemed to be dozing in the dreamy climate. There were no signs of life even up and down the wagon-road as far as the eye could see.

Hours passed before the stillness was broken by a rumbling noise in the north, announcing the coming of the passenger train from San Francisco. But its arrival and departure disturbed no one about the house except John, the Chinese cook, who moves, cat-like, about his duties. Presently he goes, as usual for the mail, and, on his return, steps softly on the portico and leaves a letter and a package on a writing-table near the sleeper.

The old hunter awakes, rubs his eyes, and looks about as if he were in doubt whether it

was morning or evening. Then, espying the package and letter, opens the former first for the address is in the handwriting of his daughter.

"Bessie is such a good child. I wonder what she has sent me this time," he said as he withdrew a large photograph. "Oh, its a picture and a nice one, too. Got to get my specs to see who it is." On the bottom of the photograph was written: "Bessie Brandon and Prince Colombo."

He scanned closely the photograph; read what was written on the bottom; glanced again at the two persons in bicycle suits, and exclaimed :

"Begosh, which is Bessie and which is the Prince."

Then he added as he pointed with his finger at the photograph: "If this is the Prince I don't like the dude; and if that is my Bessie I don't like he-r-r-r—pants. I guess she has caught the 'New Woman' craze. It beats all, dang if it don't. If she would wear a dress instead of those puffed-up pants, it would not look so bad; but I think she did it just for fun."

He looked out upon the yard in deep meditation for a minute or two and then picked up the letter glanced at the hand-writing, but it

was strange to him. On opening the letter he recognized the writing as that of his daughter, and it read as follows:

NEWPORT, R. I.,  
COTTAGE TERRACE, BELLEVUE AVENUE,  
Sept. 5th, 1893.  
MR. THOMAS BRANDON,  
LORENZO STATION, CAL.

*My Dear Father:*

No doubt you have had an inkling from mother's letters to you of the good news which I am now going to tell you. You know, my dear father, that my life has been full of triumphs and happiness; but I feel prouder and happier now than I have ever been in my life.

I am engaged to Prince Colombo, of Rome, Italy.

I know, dear father, that you will join in my happiness. I know you will like him when you see him, for he is a true gentleman and a great admirer of this country and its people. He is so refined, so affable, and the very soul of honor. He is the acknowledged representative of the Italian branch of the descendants of Christopher Columbus.

It would be needless for me to tell you how fashionable Newport received him on his arrival as a total stranger. The most aristocratic and exclusive set went wild over him, and many a woman who prides herself that her blood is blue tried to win the love of this noble Prince. Our admiration for each other at the introduc-

tion grew into friendship and friendship into love and an engagement. We await your approval.

By the way, dear father, it is customary in Europe among the titled classes that when a nobleman marries, the bride's father, if possessed of great wealth, always makes a settlement on the bridegroom—that is, he allows, say, fifty thousand dollars per year, for the maintenance of the couple, and presents the bride with a house commensurate with her high social position and title. The Prince joins me in sending much love.

Hoping, dear father, that you will grant your blessing on your child, as mother has hers, I remain,

Your loving daughter,

BESSIE BRANDON.

P. S.—The Prince has written your address on the envelope, and isn't it just lovely writing? B. B.

He read it over again carefully, took a drink of cool water from the *olla*, re-seated himself, and soliloquized, as follows :

“The whole thing in a nut-shell is this—money talks. No money, no marriage. No marriage, Bessie may sicken and die. What am I to do? I have built up a large fortune under my country's flag, and now my own off-

spring—darling Bessie, how I love you—reaches out her hand to tear it down and spend the money with a foreigner in a foreign land!

“It hurts my pride, it humiliates me, and it tramples on the anti-title principles that I love so well. Does dear Bessie know how this grieves her old father? Has she forgotten my teachings so soon? At the school in San José she loved her native land and praised its institutions; but fresh from Vassar she loves a Prince and praises monarchy.

“My two children—twins—reared together under the same surroundings, loved and taught the same principles by their parents, educated in the best colleges of the land, and what is the result? One comes home from the university stronger in the faith of his father—loving his country better, and is now a distinguished lawyer in the city. The other—petted by all—triumphs also at college, only to prove false to the principles of her country, and transfers her allegiance to a monarchy. Where does the fault lie and who is to blame? Is it my wife? No! She is a good woman and would do me no intentional wrong. It may be that woman’s mind is so constituted that she

falls an easy victim to the glitter of a monarchy. Who can tell?

"But this case has got to be decided. I agreed with my wife to look after Arnold's education and she to care for Bessie, and I must abide by the consequences. It would probably have been just the same if I had cared for Bessie and she Arnold. I shall consult my lawyer first, before the letter will be answered," and he walked out in the yard among the flowers, palms and Royal Poincianas.

Mr. Brandon, though a hunter, was a shrewd business man in many ways, and especially in real estate. When he became owner of a piece of land, he believed in holding on to it until he could realize an enormous profit by selling. Always having faith in California from the time he first landed in Monterey, his one aim seemed to be to acquire more land.

He now had a large bank account, and by judicious investments in the early days in city lots in San Francisco, he was now receiving several thousand dollars per month from the rental of the business buildings on those lots. Besides this, he had other income in property in smaller cities. Without counting the large

profits of his ranch, he could easily, if so disposed, comply with the customs of the titled classes of Europe.

In spite of his immense wealth he never manifested any desire to change his mode of living, but adhered strictly to his old way of enjoying himself. When any complicated legal question arose he consulted his lawyer, and all matter pertaining to the ranch was left to his trusted foreman, which left him comparatively secure from worry. This accounted to a great extent for his jovial disposition. But it had been noticed of late that he appeared to be rather irritable, and this evening, at the supper table, the foreman remarked to him that he looked so very solemn and asked the cause. Brandon replied with suppressed emotion, that he did not feel well, but that he believed he would be all right in the morning.

The next day, after consulting his lawyer, he had the following letter written to his daughter :

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

Sept 14th, 1893.

MISS BESSIE BRANDON,

COTTAGE TERRACE, BELLEVUE AVE.,

NEWPORT, R. I.

*My Dear Daughter:*

Yours of the 5th inst. is at hand and contents perused very carefully. To say that I was surprised would express it very mildly. Far be it from me now to raise an objection or place any thing in the way of your happiness; for my love for you, dear Bessie, is so great that only death can kill it. I do hope that you have chosen wisely, and that your future life will be as happy, if not happier than the past. I send my approval and blessing.

I will allow you fifty thousand dollars a year, and, as I presume that you will be married in Newport, I will authorize a check of one hundred thousand dollars to be presented to you on your wedding day. I have not been feeling well and will not be able to attend, under the circumstances.

After the wedding I hope you and your husband will accompany your mother to the Coast, where a more definite arrangement can be made. I send much love to you and Mr. Colombo.

Your affectionate father,

(Signed)      THOMAS BRANDON,

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE WEDDING AND JOURNEY.

It was decided by the social leaders that the giddy whirl of society at Newport would be brought to a close by the wedding of Miss Brandon and Prince Colombo. It seemed to be fitting that the season should so end; for the Prince had been, from the day he arrived, almost at the opening, the central figure around which the American satellites revolved. He had practically finished his work and kept his word that he would win a rich wife if it took years. Why should not the season close in a blaze of glory in his honor?

True, there were several disconsolate ladies, whose tear-stained cheeks and heaving bosoms said plainly that their highest hopes were blasted, and who refused to be comforted, although they were kindly told that this is a world made up principally of mirages and disappointments.

However, Newport was intoxicated with joy. For weeks the people had discussed nothing but the wedding, and now the eventful day had arrived. Fashion's most noted devotees vied with each other to add pomp and brilliancy to the occasion.

All the morning the streets were full of people. The sea-shore had lost its charm, the tennis, golf, and polo grounds were deserted ; while in the forest dell, where many a merry moonlight picnic had, with song and dance, made the very stars envy the revelers—the autumnal wind whistled among the boughs and scattered yellow leaves upon the ground. One more holiday, one more hilarious night, and these gay people of fashion will turn their faces cityward.

Long before noon, the hour set for the marriage service to take place, the church, designated as the one where the bridal couple would be united in the bonds of holy wedlock, was besieged by a motley crowd, eager to obtain a glimpse of the bride and groom.

The inside of the church was beautifully decorated with choice flowers and creeping vines. In front of the altar, festoons of roses and

ivy in profusion hung near the burning candles; while at either side of the altar-rails immense masses of the fairest blossoms that bloom, and clematis and trailing ivy covered every thing, save a narrow passage leading to the altar.

The windows wore a garland of exquisite pink carnation, ferns and La France roses; and the pews, reserved for the relatives and intimate friends, were marked by a small bouquet of pink sweet-peas, tied with a silk ribbon. A few minutes before twelve the church was filled with the ultra-fashionable gentlemen and ladies.

Most of the ladies wore sparkling diamonds and richly embroidered gowns—gowns imported from Worth and Felix; while others wore with equal grace and effect costumes made by noted home dressmakers. This display of beauty and art charmed the eye and furnished a brilliant picture on either side of the aisle where the bridal couple would pass.

The conventional Prince Albert coats were worn by the gentlemen, who, with silk hats and no great display of jewelry or flashy colors, made an agreeable and pleasant contrast with the gorgeous array of the fair sex.

At noon the bride was escorted into the church by her brother, Arnold Brandon, who gave her hand in marriage. She wore a Worth gown of weird design and matchless beauty, a necklace of brilliants—a present from her brother—a diamond tiara from her mother, and in her hand was a large bouquet of rare selection. The Prince was becomingly dressed, and looked the happier of the two—in fact, he beamed with smiles.

At the chancel steps the Prince was attended by his confidential friend, who had piloted him over the troubled sea to a matrimonial haven, as best man. After the betrothal service by the officiating clergyman, the bride and groom, maid of honor and best man, ascended the altar steps where the marriage ceremonies and benediction were impressively pronounced.

Then marvelous music floated through the church as America's fair heiress and Italy's proud Prince, as husband and wife, passed down the aisle to the carriage in waiting at the canopy, followed by Newport's best society.

A battalion of blue-coated policemen kept back the surging people, who, on tip-toes, craned their necks to get a farewell glimpse of

the bridal couple. Liveried coachmen drove through the crowd to the canopy, where serving maids in white and footmen clothed in scarlet plush and in private livery assisted the ultra-fashionable into carriages.

A reception was given by the bridal party at which none but the exclusive set, outside of relatives and most intimate friends, were admitted. In the evening a swell ball, which lasted into the night, afforded a last opportunity to the young or the elderly couple, ere they part for the year, to glide merrily together through the mazes of the dance. But when the electric lights in the ball-room were turned out the gay season at Newport, which had made so many happy, and some sad-hearted, closed.

In the evening of the next day the bridal party, with Mrs. Brandon and son, departed for California, leaving behind them at the pier many admiring and happy friends, waving adieu. Singular, though it be, the happiest friends of the Prince appeared to be those who had cast their bread upon the water and which had returned to them in many days—but immediately after his wife's present of a one hundred thousand dollar check from her father was cashed.

The journey through populous cities, thickly settled states, and thrifty mining districts was a continuous surprise to the Prince ; and when he crossed the snow-capped Sierras and saw the land that lies beyond—a land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers—he became very enthusiastic and often declared that America owed much to Christopher Columbus and his Spanish and Italian descendants.

“We have named cities, towns and counties after Columbus and we revere his memory to this day,” suggested the beautiful Princess as she noticed the Prince frowned and looked as if his mind were worried.

“Yes, America has done that much, but look at her wealth,” slowly replied the Prince as his mind reverted back to '77, when a test case, by one of his kinsmen, was made to settle America's indebtedness on a cash basis for having been discovered by Columbus.

Thinking on this subject made him the less cheerful, and the Princess very pleasantly said :

“A penny for your thoughts.”

“I was thinking what America would have been worth if Columbus had not discovered it. Instead of being full of wealth as it is now, it

would have been full of naked savages. Yet Congress let Columbus' descendants remain poor. Republics are ungrateful. Even my relative from Spain was treated very shabbily this year by the men of America. They would not donate a cent after he had lost all his money at a bull-fight—regular misers."

"But the women are always more generous," suggested the Princess.

"Yes, that is so, and I do wish they could vote. They are better educated and appreciate nobility. I was astonished to see that the ladies at Newport knew more about the Kings of Italy than they did about the Presidents of their own country. Women are always progressive."

The Prince remained in a dejected frame of mind until he, after securing the bridal chamber in the principal hotel in San Francisco, visited his father-in-law's estate and computed the wealth into millions. Then he admitted that the American men did know a few things about money getting.

The *entrée* of the Prince and Princess into the aristocratic society of Nob Hill was not hedged in by the usual formalities, as they had

unquestionable credentials. Time passed very pleasantly sight-seeing and making agreeable arrangements with his testy father-in-law.

Now, one day, after the Prince and Princess had returned to the city from the Santa Cruz ranch, Mrs. Brandon remarked to her husband that America owes a great deal to the Columbus family.

"Mary, there may be some truth in that," spoke up Mr. Brandon, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe; "but I think the way the American girls are marryin' off, our debt to Italy, on account of the discovery of this country by Columbus, is d—— near paid "

Mrs. Brandon was shocked. She had never heard such emphatic language before from her husband, so she said:

"You use rather peculiar language for one whose daughter is a real Princess. I have not heard you express yourself fully on the marriage of our daughter. What do you think of your son-in-law, the Prince ? "

"There are several things about the marriage I don't like. Mr. Colombo may make a good husband and he may not. I don't understand why women are dazzled by a title."

"But don't you think it an honor to see Bessie become a Princess?" persisted Mrs. Brandon.

"No, I do not: America's daughters should be as opposed to titles as their fathers and brothers; but as Bessie has married him, I have done the 'square thing' by Mr. Colombo. I have given them all that I said I would, and will continue to do what I think is right for my offspring, but I don't like her husband."

"I think you will when you get more acquainted with the Prince. I was the same as you, but now I admire the Prince," said his wife, encouragingly.

"Mary, I don't like Colombo or his title. You and I have not quarreled all these years, and I do not propose to begin now. You can have your way and like him, and I will have mine and dislike him," and Mr. Brandon changed the subject.

Mrs. Brandon, being a woman of tact, never again tried to force an opinion on her husband, but spoke of the Prince and the Princess in a general way.

When the Prince had secured a satisfactory

agreement with his father-in-law as to the yearly allowance for the maintenance of a royal residence in Rome, and after touring California, he, with his bride, returned to sunny Italy; but before their departure the Prince kindly promised that he would, in the near future, write his "impressions" of America.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### LIFE IN ROME.

On a beautiful terrace facing the Piazza del Popolo stands one of the most palatial and attractive residences in Rome. When it was built the owner occupied a high official position under the government of Italy, and his popularity among the people was second only to that of the King. His name was familiar even to the lazy, dirty and begging children who played on the streets. He was wealthy and powerful.

His establishment was the rendezvous for the social and political leaders of that time; but during the political upheaval which followed a few years after the completion of the building, he was driven from office, his influence waned, and after years of misfortune his residence became hopelessly encumbered. Old and decrepit, he saw his home sold at an exceptionally low price. The authorized agent

of Prince Colombo bought the place, but the Princess paid for it.

A great change was inaugurated at once. The building, which for years had become dilapidated, was renovated from attic to cellar. The spacious yard, which surrounded it, had grown to weeds that half hid the statuary, was now transformed into a delightful flower-garden and lawn. The grim old colonnades in front of the building were cleaned like polished marble. With incandescent lights in every room and along either side of the path leading to the iron gate at the street-entrance; with fashionable carriages bringing richly dressed men and women to the portico; and with servants in livery ready to respond to every call—the old mansion resembled its former magnificence.

Of all the noted governments of Europe there is none that is so easily influenced by beauty or wealth as Italy; but of the two, wealth is the more potential. If a rich person has no criminal record, his or her wealth is always a passport to the best society and the means by which a title can be procured.

But the Princess' beauty, tact and rare ac-

complishments would have won for her *entrée* to the most exclusive circles. Her beauty attracted, her vivacious disposition won admiration, and her kindness of heart the friendship of all. As she became more proficient in the Italian language her popularity increased, not only among the truly fashionable set and the government officials in the ministry of the King, but among the lower classes.

She noticed that Rome, in the winter, was the Mecca for the royalty of Europe, as well as for the wealthy traveler and prominent persons of all lands. She became ambitious to make her picturesque establishment the most attractive in aristocratic Rome—to gather around at her entertainments not only royalty, but the famous persons learned in law, science or state-craft from whatever land they may hail.

Having this object in view, she bent all her energies to accomplish this desire with all the foresight, shrewdness and perseverance which had characterized her at home, at Vassar and at Newport. She went among the common people and with a lavish hand assisted them in a charitable way. The populace learned to

love her. By her magnificent entertainments and charming demeanor she fascinated royalty and secured social preferment, until she was acknowledged one of the social leaders of Rome.

Whether at the theatre, opera or church her private box or pew was the attraction, on account of her worth, beauty and costly gowns. Her gorgeous turn-outs on the fashionable driveways or her appearance on the promenade in a becoming walking habit captivated the common people and they sang her praises.

When she announced a reception, entertainment, dinner or afternoon tea, the men and women of high degree looked forward with delight to the coming event. For the first time in her life she was astonished at her own triumphs.

Her social success encouraged her in a political way; she became well versed in the politics of Italy with the sole aim to acquire a sufficient influence with the King, to succeed in having her husband, the Prince, appointed as Ambassador to Washington, D. C. It was not only the honor which such an appointment would confer on the Prince and herself, that made her

desire such a promotion, but she sincerely hoped that it would cause her father to be reconciled to her marriage, which she well knew had been very disappointing to him

No one knew better than she the likes and dislikes of her father, and she believed that if promotion of this kind did not soften his heart toward the Prince, her father would as years rolled on, be less liable to relent. In fact, several things occurred of late which made her think that if his passive dislike to the Prince was not soon overcome, it might develop into actual hatred.

Mr. Thomas Brandon was a man with decided convictions, and one who did not change his mind at the veering of the wind. The Princess knew this, and knowing it made her apprehensive. But if she could prove to him that the Prince possessed true merit, as well as noble blood and a title, all would be well. Still, cases will bob up that seem to bother even a feminine mind.

The Prince's mind was not worried in the least at this time—he was serene and happy. He knew from experience that he had merit, and that is the best kind of proof. He had

been poor; now he was rich. It is strange that the Princess did not think of this.

However, the Princess prided herself that she was a good judge of human nature, and that she could tell a person's disposition at the first conversation. But did she know the Prince's?

Up to this time the Prince had been a very exemplary husband, although on a few occasions he had been a little negligent by tarrying out too late at night; but he always gave her very satisfactory answers for his negligence, kissing her and blaming his watch for not keeping the proper time. The latter trick was invented by a Benedict. A bachelor would scorn such a subterfuge.

The Prince looked upon the achievements of his wife at first with a certain amount of conjugal pride, but as months rolled by, the constant demands of gay social life seemed to be rather monotonous to him. He became decidedly indifferent to the success of the Princess, and was anxious to create a sensation himself. Of late he had frequented more than usual the club rooms of a famous house down in the Palazzo Poli, near the Fontana di Trevi.

It is a generally conceded fact that persons who frequent club-rooms sometimes play cards for money, and he who gambles can not always win. The Prince had just returned from down town, and seated himself in an arm-chair, with the "tired feeling" of one who has been playing against luck.

"Prince, how would you like to go to Washington, D. C.?" asked the Princess with a smile, as soon as he was seated.

"You're not home-sick, are you?"

"Oh, no; but would you not like to go as Ambassador to the United States? Wouldn't it be just grand, Prince?"

"There is no danger of me being appointed; don't worry, dear, about such good luck as that. Who has put that idea into your head?"

"No one," answered the Princess, laughing; "but I intend to put it into the King's head."

"Well, you will find that the hardest contract that you ever undertook to carry out," said the Prince, like one without hope.

"Why should it be such a difficult undertaking?" asked the Princess with surprise at his manner of speaking.

"Oh, the King and I are—well, we're not particularly fond of each other."

"Why dear Prince, the King spoke very highly of you several times not long ago, and by and by I shall secure the appointment. The King is all right in my opinion."

"But in my opinion the King is all right too—as a diplomat," answered the Prince with a forced laugh.

The Princess noticed his demeanor and wondered what was the cause of it. There was a pause for some time when the Prince said :

"But even if you did secure the appointment I do not think we would be able to comply; for our yearly allowance is not sufficient now to meet all our wants."

"I know," said the Princess, "that our expenses have been necessarily heavy, owing to the demands of society; but for some time to come the expenses will be greatly decreased, besides, if you were the Ambassador, you would draw a very handsome salary. If we succeed, the money which has been expended in a social way will prove a good investment; and the income, with the pay allowed an Ambassador, will be, I think, quite ample."

"But don't you think, Princess, that you could influence your rich father to increase

our yearly allowance ? While your expenses have been large, mine have not been small by any means."

"I know that, Prince; but your obligations have all been settled and we are getting along nicely."

"But a friend of mine down at the club has my note for five thousand dollars, and he is very anxious about its payment," said the Prince, in an off-hand manner.

"What ! Another five thousand dollars ?"

"Yes, another ; but I shall be more careful in the future, dear," replied the Prince, pathetically, and his face was the picture of pity.

"You should be careful, Prince, and spend more of your time at home. Assist me in securing the appointment for you. Will you promise to do so, dear ?"

"Yes, I promise, dear Princess."

"Then you can pay the note to-morrow. Now, go and lie down and rest yourself, for you look tired."

Very soon the Prince was fast asleep, dreaming of jack-pots and four aces and a check from his rich father-in-law. Every thing went along with but few family jars until several

months after when, at a time that they least expected sad news, the Princess received a telegram, which read:

Bessie, your mother died to-day very suddenly. Do come at once.

THOMAS BRANDON.

Sad as such news was, it was harder for the Princess to bear, because she could not comply with her father's request. A baby-boy was born that very day in the household of Prince Colombo.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### BESSIE'S RETURN.

The Princess knew that her father would be doubly grieved to bear the mother of his children to the grave while his favorite child was far away in a foreign land, and it caused her many a heart-ache. The letter which she received from him was most touching and pathetic. It was the cry of one lost at the grave of a true and noble wife.

No care or sorrow had embittered the life of the Princess from the cradle to the death of her mother; but the sky that has not known a cloud for months often gathers the fiercest storms. In spite of her faith and hope in monarchy there came to her naturally buoyant spirit, when saddened by her mother's death, the fact that the pomp and glitter of royalty are a sham, and that a high-sounding title does not indicate womanhood or manhood.

The conduct of the Prince during his married life was a surprise to his old associates. True, he had started to gamble again, but that was nothing compared to what his failings had been before he went to America for a wife. Some had even expressed an opinion that he had reformed and would prove an exemplary husband; but his actions at this time silenced those who had spoken in his praise. It was an unpleasant revelation to the Princess who witnessed with anguish the beginning of a long debauch. The mania for strong drink took control of him, and the episodes of his drunken carousals was the common talk of Rome and the humiliation of his friends.

Those who tried to reform him were informed that he was twenty-one years old and was better qualified by experience to give, than to receive, advice about what was good and what was not good to drink.

When asked what made him drink to excess he replied in a maudlin manner that he commenced drinking to celebrate the fact that he was the happy father of a lively boy. When questioned why he did not stop excessive drinking after celebrating his son's birth, he then

answered that he remained drunk because his father-in-law wouldn't die ; and that it would drive any man to drink who had to wait around for a man to die, whose only excuse for living was pure spite-work to keep him out of millions of dollars. He was positive in his opinion that no one had a right to molest him as it was royalty on a spree, and that those who did not like his noise would find peace only when he had drank himself to sleep.

There was one redeeming feature about his excesses. When he was gambling he did not get drunk, and when he was drunk he did not gamble. But when he did at last sober up he went at once to gambling. The months which followed embittered the life of the proud and ambitious Princess. Time and again he importuned her for money to pay his debts and promised each time, with words as solemn as he could command, that he would never let his lips touch liquor or his hands a card again. But the promises were as often broken.

What could she do ? She would try harder than ever to reform the Prince. She would appeal to his manhood and to his pride by reminding him of his duty to his family and of

the stigma that he was placing on his title. He listened, smiled, and then told her that she was unduly excited about the dire results that would follow; that she was living in Italy, where titles are made and conferred every day at a stipulated price; that a man must be a very poor one, indeed, who could not afford a title; and that in case he had besmirched his own title, so that it could not be cleaned, all he had to do was to pay "droits de chacellerie," and receive a different one right from the factory! Then he mildly reminded her that it was not his title that he was worrying about, but it was money to pay his gambling debts, and that if she had a little family pride, like other titled American wives, she would quietly obtain the money at once from her father and not let a single note of the proud Prince Colombo go to protest. "A title worth having is worth protecting," sneered the Prince.

It was a fact that they were now embarrassed for ready money. Could she comply with the Prince's wish? She hesitated but a second. She could—but she never would, as long as she had a cent. She believed now that her father had been too indulgent and too gener-

ous in his allowance to her. But what a late hour to make the discovery ! The tide of disappointment was surely carrying her among the breakers.

She saw her ambitious dreams would never be realized and that her own influence and social standing were waning as her money disappeared. Struggle as she might, she could not regain her lost prestige. With all her tact and knowledge of human nature she found that it was a vain undertaking to try to reform an unreformable Prince.

Must she confide her sorrows to her father and ask advice ? No ! She would keep from him the story of her unhappy family. She would go on somehow, hoping that a rift in the clouds might let a little sunshine fall upon her path. But the feminine mind sometimes grows weary of venerable *roues* and broken-down sprigs of the European nobility, even if the woman did crawl in the dust to cast jewels in the form of money before the titled swine. If a woman is not an imbecile worshiper of royalty her better nature asserts itself when her noble lord becomes a complete nuisance.

Now, when the Princess had exhausted all

her ingenuity to reform the noble Prince ; had spent her money lavishly for his special benefit until the home was mortgaged ; and had almost given up hope, she became irritable and chafed under her bondage.

One morning at the breakfast table, when the Prince had been out all night, the Princess saluted her " hubby " thus :

" Where were you last night ? "

" Oh, at the club."

" And gambling, as usual, I suppose ? "

" Yes, indeed. You're a good guesser Princess."

" Why don't you spend more of your time at home, instead of gambling and going to places that disgrace me and my child. Why do you neglect me ? "

" Are you neglected, my dear ? Are you lonely ? "

" Yes ; I desire a husband's love and attention."

" Why should you be lonely ? Don't I leave my title with you to keep you company, my dearest ? " asked the Prince, scornfully.

" While I have been a true wife to you and placed you in comfortable circumstances, and

did every thing in my power to gain influence enough to have you appointed Ambassador to the United States of America, what did you do in return but gamble and get drunk and sometimes used abusive language to me?"

"Who were you when I first smiled on you? An obscure Western girl with an abominable pedigree. Who gave lustre to your obscurity, and made you a real Princess? It was a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus. Your father is rich and yet you begrudge me a few dollars, so that I can enjoy myself like the noble Prince that I am. Now you howl about true love and being lonely," and the Prince curled his lip in fine Italian scorn.

"You married me for my money!" rejoined the Princess, her eyes flashing with anger.

"Of course I did; but I don't get lonely. I keep your money with me—when I don't lose it at the club. Now, you do likewise—keep my title with you and be happy."

"And you pay undue attention to other women!"

"That's a fact, Princess; and don't you know that that is one of a titled gentleman's prerogatives?"

" You shameless man ; have you no respect for me and my child ? You are breaking my heart ! " and the Princess' eyes filled with tears as she spoke these words in a trembling voice.

" You must look at this question philosophically," said the Prince. " Have you not heard that the Princess of Wales has time and again withdrawn from the high-toned society of England because of the vices practiced therein ? I hope you did not think that the Princess of Wales, who is such a good woman, withdrew because society was too pure ? Now, if you want to withdraw from society, it's all right. I am as good a man as the Prince of Wales and will enter no objection.

" But there is one more question that I want to impress very forcibly on your American mind, and I want a direct answer, too. I owe a gambling debt of one thousand dollars that I want paid, and I also want five hundred dollars at once to use as I see fit. What do you say ? "

" Prince, you know I gave you a large bank account to draw on when we were first married, and after that a regular allowance. You soon spent it all and then I gave you almost free access to my private bank account, until you

proved unworthy of the trust. You have squandered the money in drinking, gambling and on other women. I did not know what sorrow was until you brought it to my door. You have made me miserable and you seem to glory in it. I have no money for you. That's my answer!"

The Prince heard these words with a flushed face, but uttered not a word in reply. As he arose and walked through the parlor toward his bed-room his actions were that of a man in great anger. The Princess, thinking that the Prince had gone, burst into tears and for a time gave herself up to weeping.

A noise from her baby startles her. With her eyes red from crying she arose, and as she approaches the cradle her baby-boy is smiling, his eyes dancing, his extended arms waving, and his suppressed laughter is heard as the mother kisses him again and again—thinking what a difference between husband and son.

The Prince had stopped in the hallway, and glancing back, witnessed the Princess' delight in caressing her baby. It enraged him. He returned, and snatching the baby from the mother, exclaimed:

"If you do not secure me five hundred dollars this day I will hide the child where you will never see him until you comply with all of my requests. What do you say? Answer!" and he held the crying child from her reach, while with his right arm he barred her frantic efforts to secure the baby.

"I promise to do all that I can," shrieked the Princess; "now give me back my boy."

"Take the brat and remember your promise!" and the Prince passed into his private sleeping apartments as vile words escaped his lips.

Pressing the baby close to her bosom the Princess paces the floor, thinking what to do. Back and forth she walks. Her face is colorless and she is visibly agitated. Has her mind which has made quick decisions in the past, refused to act? Or is her mind a blank? The promise must be kept or the cunning vengeance of a noble Italian husband will make her heartstrings ache again and rob her of her boy.

But the color returns to those pale cheeks and she is calmer now. The maid, who had been dismissed for a while, is recalled. The coachman has received his orders and the carriage was soon at the door. With the maid

and the baby the Princess enters the carriage and is driven rapidly down town.

On her return she walks into the house like one who had made a decision on some important subject which caused the mind to be comparatively at ease. She steps softly into the room where the Prince is quietly sleeping, and glancing hurriedly about, places two thousand dollars in plain view on the *chiffonier*. Then she quietly withdraws.

Just one month from that day a veiled woman with a baby stepped off the train in the evening at Lorenzo Station, California. There was a noisy crowd of people watching, but she passed unheeded through the throng and on into the yard in front of the Brandon residence. As she approached the portico she paused in the shadow of a large flag which drooped from the building and swayed in the gentle breeze.

An old man with snow-white hair and bent form was standing with his back toward her and watching with delight the clear sky flash red in the North. Then a mighty shout went up from people and the old man clapped his hands in approval. He folded his arms and looked again toward the bright stars.

“Father !”

The aged man turns quickly at the sound, for the voice is familiar. The woman steps upon the portico, and, as she removed the veil, said :

“Father, I could not endure his cruelties longer. I come with my baby-boy to you.”

“Dear Bessie,” exclaimed her father with emotion as he kissed her and the babe, “you did right. My home is your home, and now I can live in happiness until I die !”

As he ceased speaking the sky-rockets lit up the heavens and hundreds of stars—red, white, and blue—were falling.

“Bessie,” said her father with a smile as he pointed to the many-colored stars, “you see the Santa Cruz mountaineers are yet loyal.”

“Father, your Bessie is loyal. I renew my allegiance to my native land, this the 4th of July, 1895.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AU REVOIR.

Ladies with peculiar views: Disguise it as you may, it seems to have been born in you to love a title. Whenever an opportunity appears you long for a title like a babbling babe for a tin-whistle, and neither is happy until the toy is secured.

To many you are a bound volume of absurdities. By your fickleness you mystify all who try to study your character. Bachelors remain bachelors, and married men whistle in their sleep to keep up their courage. This should not be.

Your fondness for monarchical customs—to worship or to be worshiped—crops out in many ways. In selecting at random twenty articles written by women for magazines, it was found that a large majority of the heroines' married foreigners with titles. As straws indicate the current of the stream, so a love story by the

fair sex often indicates the bent of a woman's mind. Your highest conception of marriage is one that includes a title, and you plan accordingly. If poor, then you try to content yourselves with democratic simplicity; but if rich, your cry is a title, a title—a million for a title!

Do you not know that you can not serve two masters—a Republic and a Monarchy? You will hate the one and love the other. Which do you love?

“A Republic.”

Let us see. In all of your conventions for reforms it has been your special delight to declare that man-government is a failure; that men are naturally tyrannical (which is the exception, not the rule); and that if the women were given a chance to vote you would purify this Republic.

Now, why is it that a woman's convention always points out with great gusto the shortcomings of man, but never mentions a single fact that women often possess opinions incompatible with our form of government? Why don't you reform-ladies denounce those women

who have in the last few years taken to Europe, to buy titles, \$200,000,000? Why do you lady-orators allow your eloquent tongues to cleave to the roof of your mouths and then wink at the lady who has captured a dear Prince? If you want to vote, and really believe in a Republic, denounce, at least once, these denationalized, title-loving American women. You hesitate; you love a title, and the glitter of royalty.

No person, male or female, who believes in a titled class should be considered a desirable citizen. If such persons are desirable citizens let us have a monarchy at once and keep our girls and their money at home by giving them all the titles that they want at so much per title, *a la* Italy, etc.

Our forefathers sacrificed blood and treasures to make this country free from a titled class, but you ladies haughtily declare by marriage that the principles which our honored dead maintained on the battle-field is not binding on you—you are an exception.

You turn a deaf ear to the protest of father, brother, country; and you kick the constitution sky-high in your eagerness to marry a Prince

or some other titled pauper. Yet your orators go forth shouting that women should vote and be allowed to expound the constitution to the rising generation. Those capable of such mental exertion should first expound it to their erring sisters. There is plenty of room for missionary work in this country. Patriotic faith without works is dead.

It is a fact, no difference how irritable it is that many American women have filched their fathers of more money and gave it to Europe, by marriage, than what it cost us in a war with England. American women have thus rewarded monarchical Europe for trying to destroy our anti-title laws.

“ But an old bachelor like you is not capable of knowing that we women marry titled foreigners for pure love. It is an affair of the heart ! ”

Really that sounds good ! If you do, why do not an equal number of your brothers marry titled ladies of Europe for pure love ? Are your brothers as worthy ? Or are you made of more noble stuff ? Dear ladies, you ought to be lawyers instead of reformers and title-chasers.

The fact is, your brothers do not marry titles —that is the great difference. Love in your

brothers is greater for the laws of their country than it is for a title; for if it were not so we would have title-conferring laws. This world is not, and neither is any government, perfect. But would it be an improvement to allow you ladies to vote, when you have constantly scoffed at your country's laws and many become denationalized?

Did it ever occur to you, who are clamoring to be placed on an equal footing with men, that equality means something more than giving "chin-music" at a Convention or holding an office? It sometimes means war.

Ladies, do you like to fight with a gun?

If you do, you should have, when drawn up in line of battle awaiting the on-set, the proper military bearing. Your head must be erect, eyes to the front, chest well thrown out, body resting straight on your hips (the Grecian bend don't go); heels together, toes turned out at an angle of forty-five degrees, gun at "right shoulder," left hand hanging down by the outer seam of your bloomers, and your fair faces corrugated with the scowl of war.

When your commander gives the order:

"Forward, guide center—march!" let every

mother's daughter step off with the left foot together. Remember, left foot.

Now, if you can prove satisfactorily that a company of women can charge with "fixed bayonets," an equal number of women on the enemy's side, and put them to rout without throwing down your guns and pulling hair, you'll do for soldiers. But when the battle is over, it would sound rather harsh at roll-call, when a certain lady's name is called, for a comrade to answer:

"Pvt. Susan B. Antonio died on the field of battle with her pretty face to the foe!"

However, as you become more mannish you'll get used to it, and you will soon enjoy a brush, even with "the boys."

Yet is it a proper place for a married woman to sit around the camp-fires of the army with a Winchester on her knee? Or is her proper place around her fire-side at home with a smiling babe on her knee, and loved by a man who is ever ready to lay down his life for her and the little one?

The unmarried ladies do not rely on their Winchesters, for when the war comes the bachelors—the gallant bachelors—always swing into

line with a cheer and consider it sweet to die for old maids and widows.

The single "New Woman" appreciates, as a rule, such chivalry; but the married "New Woman" sees nothing in it to commend. She wants the bachelors taxed to support an "Old Maids Home," and she never fails to explain to her husband some intricate problem of political economy as she hands him her dress-maker's bill. Whether riding a bicycle or a hobby she sets the gait for her husband, and woe unto him if he fails to keep up.

Again, equality often means poll-tax, and poll-tax sometimes means work in the sun with a pick and a shovel.

Ladies, do you like a pick or a shovel?

If you do, and want to know how to manipulate a pick and a shovel, any day laborer will take pleasure to instruct you in the *modus operandi*. If it is a hot day you may blister your hands, but at night you will have a better "impression" what equality means.

Until the day comes when you are willing to use a gun, pick or shovel on the battle-field, and when your love for your native land is stronger than your love for a foreign title, then, and not

until then, should the law place the ballot in your hands.

Whoever is qualified to make laws should be qualified to defend them.

Ladies, with all your wisdom, can you tell why you love titles? Is it because the convolutions of your brains are so far different from those of your fathers and brothers, or is it really only a fashion?

Probably a certain society lady of Chicago was right after all, when she, on being asked why she married a Frenchman with an obsolete title, instead of a man of her own country, replied :

“To be candid, I’ll tell you. This marrying American men all the time makes me tired!”

Now, whether it is only a fashion or an innate love for titles that causes American women to marry titled foreigners, the denationalization stands against you; for by your silence in condoning these monarchical-alliances you Woman Rights advocates place yourselves in opposition to a fundamental principle upon which this Republic is founded. The constitution is opposed to titles.

It is, therefore, very humiliating to admit

that you reform (?) ladies regard the constitution of the Republic as nothing compared to the spasmodic fluttering of the feminine "heart."

But the truth is plain to any one that the great majority of American women do not want to be placed on an equality with the men ; for they are sensible and know that equality means equal hardship. They know that what laws may be necessary to guard their interests from time to time will be made, as in the past, without their votes. These noble American women fear no evil, for they have implicit confidence in those who have in the past protected them—their loyal fathers and brothers.

**FINIS.**











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